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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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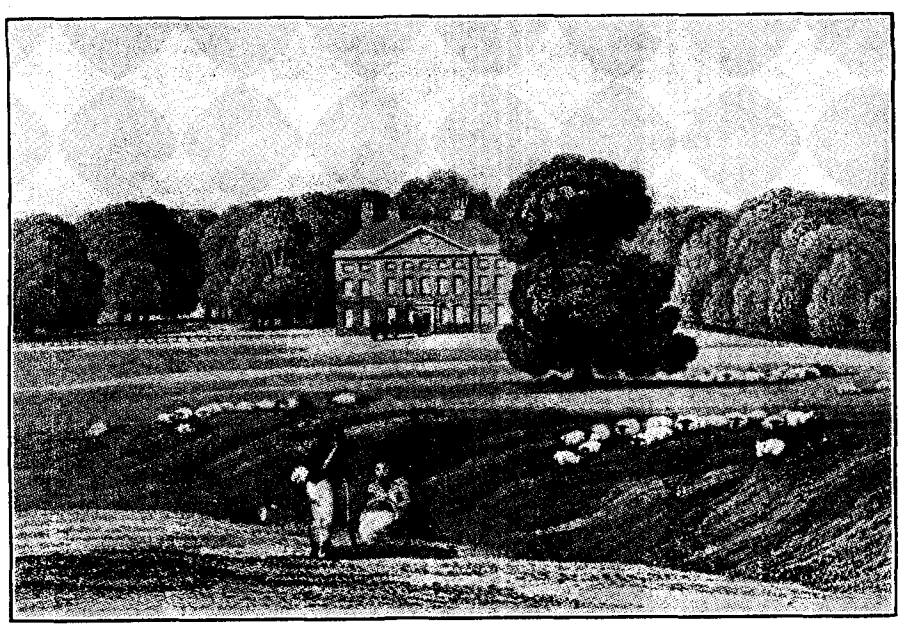

GOODNESTONE, KENT, WHENCE MANY OF JANE AUSTEN'S LETTERS WERE WRITTEN.

Waste

WHY not save words? Of the 10,000 odd books published last year, it is a fair guess that at least 5,000 were verbose and 9,750 were unnecessarily wordy. The manuscript submitted to an editor or a publisher's adviser that is not marked "cut" or "too long" or "diffuse" is a rarity. Only once in a blue moon does an experienced reader find a book that he will admit could not be profitably shortened. The realism of our day trails clouds of words after it. Once, in the romantic era, it was adjectives that were flung about with a reckless disregard of typesetters' time. Now it is nouns. The school of Dreiser writes with shot guns. The cocktail novelists depict with the loose freedom of a housepainter. Set an experienced précis maker to work upon newspaper editorials, and the water would rush out under squeezing. We venture to guess that one reason for the success of Mr. Lippmann's morning tract is the high proportion of facts and ideas to words. Columnists, too, are on the side of economy. If Congressmen would or could speak with a columnist's conciseness, they and we might learn what they really think (which one admits could be disastrous).

It used to be said that the hurry and tensity of American life accounted for the success here of the short story. That there was some truth in this no one would deny, and yet the short story as it is practised in popular magazines is not really concise. By choosing a stock situation and handling it dramatically the writer gets his effects in little space, yet succeeds in so doing only because the situation itself is a surface phenomenon. The typical popular short story could have its meat and gristle put into a paragraph.

Writers with substantial ideas and baggage of facts or observation have a harder task. Writers of real books cannot satisfy with sparkling dramatizations. They need words, plenty of words, but they take far too many of them. They write for the same public, that modern public beat upon by journalism and the radio, scurried hither and yon by rapid transit, wearied by city noise, sense-fatigued by the irritating stimulus of shouting advertisements, pursued even in the country by innumerable devices for catching the attention, and conscious in the remotest villages of the insistent passage of time. Granted that, by way of relaxation, it is

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"Dear Jane"

JANE AUSTEN'S LETTERS to Her Sister Cassandra and Others, Collected and Edited by R. W. CHAPMAN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $12.50.

Reviewed by DAVID GARNETT

OLD MAID is a term so often used contemptuously that it is difficult to use it without being thought to be derogatory. Yet certain spiritual qualities are found in such perfection amongst unmarried women that it is difficult to describe them except as old maidish. That of which I am thinking, and of course it is also found in men, is a sharpness of tongue, an asperity, which is coupled with affection. It is as though love of any sort were slightly irritating, something needing to be hidden, and affection could only be expressed at the same time as something to counterbalance it. Usually this takes the form of reminding the beloved object of its defects.

Another even more marked characteristic of the old maid is sharply focussing attention upon the details of life and avoiding more comprehensive and vague generalizations. Thus it is typically the unmarried aunt who notices the dirty pinafores and the touzled heads, while the harassed mother shuts her eyes to details and comforts herself by thinking of life in its larger aspects. In other words, since daily life consists of tiny details, the mother seeks to escape from reality, her sister still loves it. Though the mother may have gained confidence in herself, she has become disillusioned; the aunt on the other hand has preserved a childlike belief in life, though she may have realized that she is not likely to play much part in it. So tweaking her nieces' hair ribbons and sharply calling old and young to order, she fixes her eyes resolutely on the faces, ears, fingernails, and clothes of those nearest to her, noting every imperfection—for what face, or garment, or character, however dearly beloved, is without blemish?

In this acceptance of life and passion for its detail, there is something very much akin in the attitude of the old maid and of the artist. Indeed the artist seems like a disinterested old maid to whom nothing is too repulsive to study. And the attitude of the greatest writers to their characters is usually that of rather severe maiden aunts to their nephews and nieces. How many artists have been old maids?

(*Continued on page* 376)

Technocracy

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

MR. HOWARD SCOTT may or may not be remembered as an engineer or a prophet or a dictator or even, though he dislikes the term, as an economist. But he has a very fair chance of immortality in the pages of an Etymological Dictionary. For he has supplied the people with a word. Or at least he has given the word currency and application and therefore must take precedence over such allegedly earlier neologists as Mr. William Henry Smyth of California. Prior to the acceptance of "technocracy" there was no word in vulgar usage to stand for the contention (which is the heart of technocratic thought) that the rapid mechanization of modern industry with its resultant increasing unemployment implies the inevitable destruction of the present money system. "Rationalization" was an ill-defined term: "technological unemployment" was only part of the story. And without an omnibus word a democracy is impotent to discuss its economic fate. No electorate on earth can exercise its suffrages with reference to the impact upon the credit system of a fifty per cent increase in productivity per worker. The rejoinder that the bankers have, for a generation, directed a financial system they could neither understand nor describe establishes no exception. For the most obvious reasons.

There are, however, two weaknesses in Mr. Scott's claim to etymological remembrance. For one thing the word is not a very good word. It is a romantic rather than a scientific term. And for another its effect is to gather under one common and proprietary head a great number of problems of long standing and immense importance and to make them depend from Mr. Scott and from Mr. Scott's validity. Mr. Scott may or may not be responsible for this situation. He himself seems to have employed his word to define his own group and its activities. "Technocracy," he says, "is a research organization founded in 1920, composed of scientists, technologists, physicists, and biochemists." But if so the editorial writers and the Pullman-car dialectians have been too strong for him. Today any book or article dealing seriously with the mechanization of industry is a technocratic book and any writer who admits that one man in every eight or ten is now industrially a man without a country is a technocrat in person. Both Mr. Scott and his unwilling conscripts should regret the situation: Mr. Scott because the man who undertakes to name the continents must godfather immigrant Hunkies as well as original settlers, and the conscripts because the collapse of Mr. Scott would carry the whole subject down into undeserved disrepute. If the gentlemen on Wall Street (who ask nothing better than to believe that technological unemployment is a bugaboo and that the depression of President Hoover is merely the depression of President Cleveland over again) could convince themselves that Mr. Scott was a hoax it would be impossible to get a hearing for any program of industrial action, regardless of necessity or merit, in the next decade. And a decade from now constructive action of any kind—capitalistic, communistic, or technocratic—may be too late.

There has just appeared a small volume entitled "The A B C of Technocracy"* which, though not the long-awaited first official statement of Mr. Scott's group, is, the publishers say, "based on authorized material." (It is in large part a reprint of an article in the January *Harper's* "prepared under the supervision of Howard Scott.") If it is possible to define technocracy in such a way as to distinguish it from the industrial problem which it has succeeded in blanketing, this book should make the definition clear.

The distinction would seem to be set forth upon page one of the Introduction. Technocracy is a group which has been engaged for twelve years in studying the physical operation of society upon this continent and which has accumulated a great deal of statistical information in the process. This is, of course, not a novel definition. Mr. Scott made it in his *Living Age* article in December. Technocracy is a group of scientists. Its findings are scientific findings. Its conclusions are inductive conclusions from facts observed. And whereas other and earlier students of the subject have, as the technocrats admit, arrived at similar results (particularly Messrs. Fred Henderson, and Thorstein Veblen whose "Engineers and the Price System"† has just been reissued), their results were achieved merely by abstract thinking whereas the technocratic conclusion is based upon irrefutable evidence. As Mr. Bassett Jones, the eminent engineer, put it in his technocratic letter to the Editor of *Electrical Engineering* (November, 1932): "It matters not a rap what men think, wish, or desire. We are face to face with a law of nature."

Obviously such a position appeals to the American mind. We are suspicious of

* The A B C of Technocracy. By Frank Arkright. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $1.

† Engineers and the Price System. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $1.50.

This Week

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"THIRTEEN SUCH YEARS."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

Next Week, or Later

GEORGE KAUFMAN.
By JOHN CORBIN.

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economists and banking experts and Presidents and professors but we still believe in scientists and the laws of nature. We are accustomed to act upon scientists' conclusions. And the mere promise that a complicated social problem will be resolved to scientific exactitude before our eyes is enough to make the popularity of any prophet.

As it has already made the popularity of Mr. Scott. From the day of the first press announcement of technocracy last August it was the energy survey and the scientific approach which attracted attention. People were more or less vaguely aware of the fact that modern industrialism was an uncharted jungle and more or less acutely conscious of the statistical ignorance of our government in such pertinent matters as unemployment and technological advance. They were therefore excited by the mere report that a group of scientists was engaged, and seriously engaged, and engaged over a long period of time, in the essential fact-finding work and that that group had come to certain disturbing conclusions. If a few carpers protested that the ordinary scientist published his findings first and drew his conclusions afterward—or let someone else draw his conclusions—it was replied that no official technocratic publication of any kind had yet been made. If an occasional reader remarked that the rapid mechanization of industry was a well-known phenomenon, that the resultant unemployment had been noted, and that Thorstein Veblen at one end and Major C. H. Douglas at the other had long since pointed out the fatal defects of the credit system, he was told that nothing in the industrial world was certain until the engineer spoke. And the consequence was that the world awaited the engineer's first technocratic pronouncement with more eagerness than has attended any American publication in many years. An official statement, announced since this article was put in print, is shortly to be issued, [illegible]

authorized material," and not differing in important essentials from the forthcoming official analysis which is said by the publishers to be also only an introduction to Technocracy. It must be confessed that the "A B C" is a disappointment. Instead of the original research, the new engineering facts, the numerous charts, which were to be expected; instead of the scientific statement which was to justify technocracy's repetition of the ideas of earlier investigators who had had nothing to support them but their intelligence; instead of the irrefutable truth, the book presents the mere unsupported, journalistic pleading of a case. And an inadequate journalistic pleading. There is the now familiar account of the enormous social change implied in the Industrial Revolution, the description of the marvels of technological advance, the estimates of resulting unemployment, and the account of the failure of our medieval credit system to adapt itself to the situation. But of independent research there is very little. The ascending curves of production and the descending curves of employment to which reference is made may have been worked out by the technocrats, but similar curves were worked out by L. P. Alford (to the year 1927) and published in part 2 of Chapter II of "Recent Economic Changes." The production figures for steel and automobiles and electric lamps, etc., may come from the technocratic laboratory, but similar figures are available to anyone who can use a small research library and write letters to the manufacturers.

For the mere writer to borrow figures at second hand to support his thesis is understandable and customary. He is not a research scientist. He does not justify his conclusions by the examples offered so much as by the reasons exposed. But the case with the engineer is quite otherwise. The engineer, if he have no facts to add to the sum of knowledge, is redundant. It is for this reason that the now famous story of the 400,000 bricks has so long resounded in the world. It was apparently the technocrat and architect, Mr. Frederick L. Ackerman, who first observed that: "A modern straight-line, continuous brick plant will produce 400,000 bricks a day per man." The statement was repeated by Mr. Wayne Parrish in an article (said to have been repudiated by Mr. Scott) which appeared in the *New Outlook*. And it was then attacked by the engineer-manager of the New Jersey Common Brick Association who put the true figure at about 2,000 per man per day. But the important question is where technocracy found its 400,000? Apparently on page 121 of Douglas and Director's "Problems of Unemployment," published in 1931 where in turn it was quoted, or so it would appear, from a publication of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of October 1924, which referred to a machine capable of *shaping* clay dug, ground, and mixed by other additional machines and men at the rate of 40,000 bricks per man per hour.

And for the mere writer to err in simple arithmetic is too common to be noticed. But the engineer who errs in simple arithmetic in making use of second-hand material must answer for it. On page 34 the technocrats divide 600,000,000 man hours by 11,000,000 metric tons and come out with seventy man hours to the ton. But anyone who cares to divide 600 by 11 will find that the result is far from seventy. And the error is all the more inexplicable in view of the fact that Mr. Van Deventer of the *Iron Age* took some pains to correct it in an earlier publication the month before this booklet appeared.

The conclusion is almost inescapable that this primer of technocracy is not based upon the technocrats' own scientific work. That being so, a number of results of the utmost importance follow. In the first place the very definition of technocracy by which it was to be distinguished from its predecessors in the field is destroyed. Unless the technocrats are engineers they are imitators. In the second place, if the technocrats are not engineers but imitators they must be recatalogued as journalists. Clumsy as this primer is, [illegible] have received. In the third place the failure of the technocrats to produce their own evidence is almost certain to result in a violent trumpeting of reactionary horns and a chorus of bankers' voices chanting the Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. It is only this third consequence which need concern the citizens of this Republic. For the relapse into industrial complacency is the one danger they have to fear.

It must therefore be stated and repeated and drilled into the American head that the failure of the technocrats to produce their survey does not in any way, shape, or manner alter the underlying facts. For those facts existed before the New York *Times* discovered technocracy last August and have continued to exist and will continue to exist whether Mr. Scott relapses into obscurity or becomes the Mussolini of the West. The facts are these: in 1929 there were at least 500,000 and perhaps 1,000,000 fewer employees in manufacturing than there had been in 1919, at least 240,000 and perhaps 300,000 fewer in railroads, at least 65,000 and perhaps 200,000 fewer in mines, and a loss of about 1,500,000 potential workers in agriculture. Pro-

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

fessor Paul H. Douglas put the total decline at 2,500,000 in the face of a rise in population which should have added 2,000,000—a real loss of 4,500,000. About 1,[illegible] had occurred in the face of an enormous increase in production—the well-known splurge of the '20's. How then could it be explained? Very simply. During the first eight years of this same decade productivity per worker, that is, the number of units each worker could produce, increased by approximately fifty per cent. A man who made ten panels with the machines of 1919 made fifteen with the machines of 1927. Prior to 1919, on the other hand, in the whole twenty years since 1899, productivity per wage-earner had risen only 4.7 per cent.

These facts were known and are known and have never been challenged. Such statements as those thrown against the technocrats, that the density of employment in the U. S. has actually increased from 383 per 1,000 in 1900 to 398 per 1,000 in 1930 mean nothing more than that men who used to work for themselves are no longer able to work for themselves but must now work for others, and were therefore in 1930 reported among the "employed" whereas in 1900 they were not so reported. And the classical argument of the economists that men displaced in one industry are taken up elsewhere has not been supported by the few studies so far made, of which the Brookings Institution and Yale Institute of Human Relations studies are examples. Those inquiries prove, if they prove anything, that there will always be a large and constant residuum of unemployed though made up perhaps of slowly changing components.

Some fundamental change had therefore taken place in the industrial order about 1919. What was it? The rise in installation of primary power had reached a point, having risen steadily for a great many years, at which it began to outdistance the increase in number of wage earners. A margin was established. The amount of primary power per worker was multiplied. And immediately each worker was able to do more work, fewer workers were required, the total number of wage earners in manufactures fell, and the change in the direction of industrialism which had long been foreseen occurred. 1919 is not a fixed date. It is a census year. But we may tentatively take it to stand for the year when the man-hour ceased to be the measure of production—for the year when it became evident that an incredible material wealth was ours for the taking,—for the year from which it was foreseeable that no conceivable in-

[illegible] midst of plenty." "Starvation in the midst of plenty" means merely that if one man in 1925 is equal to three men in 1914 as a producer of goods, so that the wealth of goods is inestimable, and if one man in 1925 still consumes no more than one man could consume in 1914, and if the distribution system permits only those men to consume goods who labor in their production, a great many men will be unable to consume goods and a great quantity of goods will rot.

1919 then was the beginning of an era. From and after 1919 any system of distribution based upon the equivalence of man as a producer and man as a consumer on the old ratio was obsolete. And from and after 1919 nothing stood between mankind and the realization of its still-timorous dream of security and plenty and a free life of the mind but the banking system it had inherited from the Medicis and the Fuggers.

That fact is as clear to the Communists as it is to the technocrats or, for that matter, to any intelligent citizen of the Republic. And it is that fact which requires consideration. An energy survey of North America would be a splendid and useful achievement. It would make possible an intelligent coördination of industry. But, as regards the present social crisis, it would merely supply cumulative evidence. What is required now is an intelligent plan for the reform of our system of distribution so that our enormous potential wealth which is now an impending disaster and a cause of suffering as poignant as it is ridiculous may become the source of human good it is capable of becoming. On this head the technocrats offer nothing but State control, bureaucracy, a rationing system, and pieces of printed paper. They are industrially as inept and outmoded as the Communists and less than half as persuasive. For the Communists have the great advantage of recognizing that the mechanization of industry means eventually a human world of human values: a world in which a man may not only live and work but believe.

An Army with Banners

By THEODORE MORRISON

AS, in mountain brooks, the quick-running water
Slides in delicious arches over sunken
Stones, and descends abruptly, so the hillside
Bends and slopes as if it dropped o'er a milldam,
And tall corn on the slant of the hill descending
Stripes with green the darker green of the woodland.
Proudly plumed in the grace of its perfect stature
Stands the corn; and the rainfall suddenly ceasing
Opens the sky. Out pours its light in abundance
Flooding the bare blue heaven, the winding valley
Pressed on either side by enfolding mountains.
High from top to top of the tree-clad summits
Rushes the light in world-long beams exultant,
While to the valley farms through clefts descending
On clear fields and barns and cattle shining
Some of its rays fall slantwise. But more chiefly
Its transactions lie with the sloping cornfield,
For by chance the sun in its downward journey
Eye to eye with the pitch of the steep-ploughed cornfield
Looks, and its brilliant beams like eager runners
Leap and exult and race amid the plume-clad
Ranks of corn. They, all alight with raindrops,
Wave their glittering penons, touched with brilliance
Quintessential. As in March the forest
Sheathed in ice by the last late storm of winter
Clashes all its blazing stems in the sunlight,
So the corn-plumes flash, till the eye that sees them
Sings and leaps as at some new revelation
Opening heaven, and showing the sons of godhead
Where amid light supernal they forever
Stand in mad extremities of joy.

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The Theatre

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. Translated by THORNTON WILDER from André Obey's play, "Le Viol de Lucrèce," with music by DEEMS TAYLOR. Presentation by KATHARINE CORNELL. Belasco Theatre.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT seems to have been generally agreed by the New York critics that M. Obey's "Lucrece" is an unsatisfying vehicle for the distinguished art of Katharine Cornell, now as generally acknowledged to be America's foremost actress. To this opinion we cannot but assent, after reading the play,* witnessing its performance, and refreshing our memories of its sources, notably Shakespeare's early narrative poem inspired by the account in Livy's Roman history. Certainly M. Obey could not have desired a more thoroughly competent English translator than Mr. Thornton Wilder, but the Gallic dramatist's work seems to us excessively meagre as literature. Its structure is also confusing. Not till the second scene do the gold-masked narrators, who make so many of the speeches, appear on the stage, allowing no preparation of the audience for the most peculiar stylization of the drama. In a sense they are a Greek chorus —in a sense they are not—their function seems ambigous, and as what they have to say sometimes lapses into a "chattiness" that brings their statements perilously near to that shadowy line dividing the sublime from the ridiculous, their presences cannot be regarded as satisfactory. This despite the highly intelligent and beautifully enunciated readings with which Blanche Yurka and Robert Loraine furnished these anonymous roles.

Aside from the distinguished acting of Miss Cornell, of Brian Ahearne, of Charles Waldron as Brutus, — and the capable work of the others in the cast,—the spectacle of certain scenes and the artistry of Robert Edmond Jones in settings and costumes (the latter more medieval than Roman) may certainly be commended. There are moments in the play of great beauty to the eye. But for all the expressiveness given to their lines by the actors the lines themselves remained flimsy or clumsy. Shakespeare's poem, barely shadowing forth the dramatist that was to be—overwritten and astonishingly incompetent in places (as in the very death of Lucrece)—was at least-full-blooded in diction, whereas it would seem that whatever life there is in the lines of M. Obey springs occasionally from a faint adumbration of Shakespeare's thought but more generally from its expert histrionic interpretation. In Shakespeare the high-tide of his poem comes with Lucrece's address to Opportunity and Time, a splendid, if long-winded, burst of rhetoric. In the play we have but the barest fragment of this put into the mouth of one of the narrators. As anything approaching literature of M. Obey's own, just one speech impressed the present reviewer, a speech Miss Cornell gave with poignant beauty. Before Lucrece sends the messenger to her husband's camp, after the rape, one utterance of hers about the necessity of being a great lady even in misfortune, followed quickly by an invocation of all that is nobly Roman, ends thus:

> One morning, as I was sailing on the bay Baiae, I saw a statue of Minerva at the bottom of the sea, the last remainder of some ship that foundered a hundred years before. I must now hold before my eyes, until the end, the memory of that white marble statue, seated, like the mother of silence, among the weeds that grow at the bottom of the sea.

In the matter of threading the pillars in his approach through non-existing doors to the chamber of Lucrece, Brian Ahearne accomplished with incomparable stage adroitness a most difficult task. It is unnecessary to say that Miss Cornell wrung from the most dramatic and touching moments of the drama all there was in them. Remarkably fine acting knit the play together, that and a true and beautiful sense of décor. But this retelling of the classical story is so thin a fabric of words that praise must go entirely to its interpreters, not—alas!—to the author.

* The book is shortly to be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

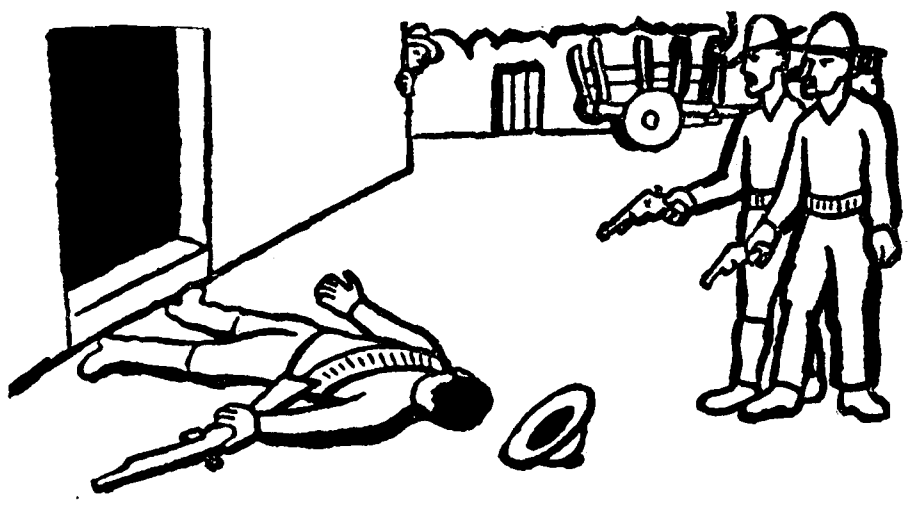

ILLUSTRATION BY DIEGO RIVERA FROM "MEXICAN MAZE," BY CARLETON BEALS (Lippincott).

The Dictator of Mexico

PORFIRIO DÍAZ. By CARLETON BEALS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1932. $5.00.

Reviewed by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY

PORFIRIO DÍAZ at the judgment bar of history cuts no better figure than he did on the fateful day some two decades gone when the *Ypiranga* bore him away to exile and death. Thirty-five years of inscrutable dictatorship, eighty years cross-section of the growing pains of an amorphous national development make not an easy task of interpretation; thus far the life of Díaz has elicited no impartial evaluation drawn from original and first-hand sources and authorities. Of biographers there have been many: paid eulogists practically all until the days of the revolution, when the stream of envenomed diatribe began. Now and then a member of the old guard, like García Naranjo, emits a long diapason of laudation completely sterile in effect, for it appeals only to those who believe what it says before reading.

There is one thing to be said for the revolutionary writers: they knew their Mexico, being mostly Mexicans. What they lacked in strict historicity they made up in climate, not to say temperature. The trouble with use of them for organizing a foreign interpretation is the danger of utilizing illustration for incident, generality for fact, and attitude for reality. Beals with his knowledge of revolutionary Mexico suffers less from these limitations than would the more recent arrival in Mexico; yet it must be said that this study, based on a creditable series of Mexican interpretation, remains provisional as an estimate of the personality of Don Porfirio. When the long bibliography of items (three thousand) which the author has collected have been subjected to the impartial scrutiny demanded by the canons of historical method, we shall have the definitive work.

Probably, when all the proof is in, the result will not greatly differ from this interpretation. The biographer has a difficult task, especially when the great man in hand violates all the rules of conduct which make the normal person, let alone the grandeur. But was Díaz great, after all, and did his services outweigh his sins? Beals finds him on the whole rather hard to explain in terms of grandeur, in fact, as within his milieu, rather commonplace.

The pitfall of the biographer is over-exaltation of the personage at expense of the setting. It would have served a purpose to have shown such a man as Benito Juárez, for example, in the light of his historical value rather than in terms of personal jealousy. The significance of the Reform movement, the struggle to substitute legality for privilege in Mexico; the meaning of the problem of the land, to mention a few basic factors, might have been dwelt on with truer emphasis, at sacrifice of a few meaningless skirmishes. As to style and preference for this or that one, the taste must be individual; perhaps the impressionist by distortion paints a truer picture than the artist who tries the older forms. Beals's colorful use of adjectives makes for vividness, not for reflection. Were his varying strong points co-ordinated and schooled he would become an eminent writer.

Gabriele d'Annunzio

THE FURIOSO. By LEONARD BACON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. GRANDGENT

"I WANT a hero: — an uncommon want" is a desire appropriate to our present-day master of Don Juan's chosen stanza. And the title "Furioso" is equally appropriate when one recalls the name of the most famous poem composed in *ottava rima*. But if Ariosto was satisfied with a protagonist of reputable character, Bacon, like Byron, has felt the need of a *jeune premier* of contested respectability. Indeed, Byron has dealt rather more kindly with his ill-famed Juan than Bacon with his notorious d'Annunzio. For the latter, in the book before us, has no endearing traits whatever. Cold, vain, selfish, sensual, but not passionate, he can appeal only by his ambition and his real love of beauty. In 1924, in Paris, an Italian university man assured the reviewer that the much advertised poet never could have commended himself at home to his fellow-countrymen, who found him quite foreign to their national tastes, had he not succeeded in capturing the admiration of the French and thus led his compatriots to see in him an asset to Italian glory. However this may be, Bacon's "hero" is shown despoiled of his heroic trappings, a poor and, at the end, a really pitiable figure. And this transformation is wrought without obloquy, without explicit disparagement, with an appearance of calm impartiality.

"The Furioso" is simply a biography of d'Annunzio, from his boyhood until after his flight from Fiume, shown against the background of his times and in the company of his contemporaries. It is told with the same clever and rather cynical coolness which distinguishes the work of Byron himself; it shows the same easy mastery of *ottava rima*, the same rather welcome tendency to digression (for which both poets apologize unnecessarily), the same abundance of new and unexpected rimes, although Bacon avoids Byron's excess of out-and-out bad ones. The new Don Juan, then, has no ground for complaint of inadequate treatment.

Although identification is inevitable, our "hero," like the other important characters of the narrative, is not called by his real name. Bacon, however, not imitating the strict anonymity of Dante's "Vita Nuova," does not withhold the names of cities. And the action runs to a good many different places—to the Abruzzi, to Rome, to Verona, to Florence, to Paris, to Vienna, to Fiume, and even further afield. We are given, not an unbrokenly continuous story, but a series of characteristic episodes. When we first meet the boy, in the Abruzzi, he excites in us some sympathy, for his loneliness, his love of nature, his intense delight in his own imitations of Stecchetti, his ecstatic reaction to praise, even for the first awakenings of a rude sensuality. Some sympathy follows him even to his first encounter with that great actress whose career was afterwards so unhappily linked with his, but who now, appearing in "Romeo and Juliet" in Verona, merely arouses in Gabriele admiration and ambition, the certainty that he is destined for great achievement in drama and in poetry, a hunger for popular applause.

At this early experience we find him in the company of a wise, devoted friend, who returns again and again to his side. Daniele Glauro he is called, and his untiring, unselfish friendship almost reconciles us to his unresponsive comrade. A very different scene meets us in Canto III, entitled "The Banquet of the Poets." A rich dinner party is given by a Roman publisher, a Jew, to a company of authors of different types. The convivial gathering does not greatly please our poet, although it does afford opportunity for his remarkable gift of observation. For observation and description are his—not emotion or imagination. The gay orgy ends with ignominious interruption by the police, who seize the unhappy host for failure to pay the costs.

Meanwhile our "hero" has grown rich and famous, both as playwright and as novelist. Yet he is far from being satisfied. Marked to be a superman, he should bring the whole world adoring to his feet; and this has not yet occurred. A "hero" he is, to be sure, but not a Nietzschean one. The world must ring with his name —if not for his writings, then for his deeds. He longs for "activity." But what can he do? The occasion, as yet unsuspected, will come later. It is during this period of discontent, almost despair, that he once more meets the great actress, whom we are to know as Foscarina. And this time they become lovers, tragically for the serious and passionate woman, transitorily interesting for the cold-blooded poet in search of "material," although our author does not portray the incident with all the cruelty with which the "hero" himself depicts it in his novel "Il Fuoco." It is said that for some time after the publication of the novel, its author did not dare, for his life, to show himself in Florence. And what wonder? How could it be otherwise when the victim, a popular idol, is so manifestly and immeasurably superior to the oppressor, as a human being, as an artist, and as an Italian? With genuine satisfaction we pass, in "The Furioso," to an adventure in which the "hero" has the losing part. The scene this time is Paris, and the unconscious avenger is a famous dancer whose name a few years ago filled the world. With her the new Don Juan became violently infatuated: to speak of "love" in connection with him, is doubtless to use a meaningless term. At any rate, unused to refusal, a failure of his wooing seemed to him intolerable. And fail he did, most miserably—nay, worse, ignominously.

Such defeat can be effaced only by a victory. And where can such a victory be found, save in the manly game of war? Opportunely the world war comes. Here intervenes an interlude, relating, amid pictures of mountain struggles, the really heroic deed of a plain, prosaic apothecary who, more or less accidentally, finds himself the protagonist of a genuinely poetic adventure in the Dolomites. In cruel contrast with this achievement are the tinsel advertisements of our Furioso—his proclamations, his airflights, his distribution of propaganda in Vienna, his seizure of Fiume, and his attempt to establish there a kingdom of his own. How emptily theatrical his own efforts have been becomes evident even to himself when he encounters the iron will and the steady eye of a real leader. He is not the man that he and others have judged him. Already, in the hour of danger, he has fled ingloriously from Fiume. Presently he will avoid the perils of the march on Rome. He is a disappointment, a "back number." Certainly a role is reserved for him in the reconstruction of Italy, but a subservient, purely rhetorical role. That is what he is—a rhetorician and a poseur, not a man of original action or thought—an artisan of words, a pedant. And so our author leaves him, relentlessly displayed from start to finish. Thus ends this poem, by no means the least in the glorious line of the *ottava rima*.

Charles Hall Grandgent is professor of Romance languages at Harvard University, an essayist, and the author of numerous works of scholarship. He is especially known as an authority on Dante.

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Charm with Irony

FURTHER DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY. By E. M. DELAFIELD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

READERS of the first "Diary of a Provincial Lady" will not be disappointed in this sequel. These apparently random and artless notes upon the difficulties in being literary in Devonshire with a family on your back, and upon the trials of playing up to a literary reputation amidst the professional sophistry of London, are not so artless and so random as they seem, although their informality is an excellent medium for the witty charm of the book. Miss Delafield has made a self-portrait here, and a family portrait, and a portrait

THE PROVINCIAL LADY UP-TO-DATE
Illustration from "Further Diary of a Provincial Lady."

of that strange assemblage which buzzes about a new literary reputation, which are indeed more evidence that she is one of the really skilful novelists of manners in our day. Why has she not had the resounding critical success which so many English women writers less excellent than she have grown great upon? Because, I think, of her unpretentiousness, the unpretentiousness of one who, like Jane Austen, seems to write easily upon her lap, while others talk and clamor about her. She is somewhat too ironic, too unsentimental, to get the reputation (which she deserves) of humorist, too delicate, too unpointed in her satire, to arouse fear or indignation, too much concerned with the humors of everyday manners as the best index of society, to interest the heavy-handed advocates of social changes. She illustrates the difficulties of belonging to the Jane Austen school in the nineteen thirties. Not that she is antiquarian, in spite of her delightful "A Good Man's Love," which was a tragedy worked out in iced wedding cake, or imitative. She is of our age and no other; belongs to the genteel tradition of which she makes fun, while rather loving it; dips into the milieu of platinum blondes or Bloomsbury sexualists with a delight in new experience, not for an instant losing her head; is aware of all the new ideas and new moralities abroad without ceasing to love her own people who, by turns, make novelties incongruous, and are made incongruous by them. Indeed, if anyone writing fiction is better equipped for the business of comedy, I do not know her name.

I would not overstate the case of Miss Delafield. That would be to commit the precise error of which she is never guilty. She will never be a great novelist. She will never be a serious novelist in terms of that seriousness approved by those whose concern is with the class war, or the sex struggle, or the depicting of new and unlovely types thrown up by democracy. She is an aristocratic writer, which does not mean that she is in love with the aristocracy, but does imply a certain delight in the trials and errors of civilized living quite apart from concern as to its philosophy or sociology. I think that her circle of readers will widen and that those she gets she will keep.

As for the "Further Diary of a Provincial Lady," here is a novel exposed in its making; plotless but with the characters all made and well made; themeless, unless the attempts of a lady writer to keep up with her reputation is a theme, but with the incident and personality for which, if the truth were told, we follow themes; informal yet constructed to catch the intellectual whimsies of Emma Hay, the naive sexualism of Parmela Pringle, the attractive stolidity of Robert, and also to express perfectly the business of being both mother and novelist, and the charm with irony which is Miss Delafield's especial forte.

"Dear Jane"

(*Continued from page* 373)

How many transcendental philosophers have been the mothers of large families? But I am writing nonsense when I should be discussing the most glorious old maid of all: Jane Austen. For in speaking of old-maidish qualities I have been thinking of her dryness and of her sharpness which are revealed more than ever in her letters which now appear for the first time complete, in a magnificent edition edited by Mr. Chapman who was responsible for the splendid edition of the novels produced some years ago.

Mr. Chapman, who shares some of Jane Austen's qualities, has presented the letters in an ideal form. Thanks to him, every scrap of information can be extracted, and nothing is likely to be passed over. There are full notes telling us full details of every casually mentioned person, place, or event so far as the most painstaking detective work has enabled him to identify them, and there are no less than eight classified indices as well as seven maps and a considerable number of illustrations. All this for a young lady who occasionally moved from Hampshire to Kent or Bath to Winchester. How absurd! No, not absurd at all. Such editing as this is not simply self-indulgence on Mr. Chapman's part, it more than doubles the value of the letters, and it excites the reader to share the editor's enthusiasm.

Many people have described Jane Austen's letters as disappointing; to me they seem the reverse. It depends, of course, on what is expected, and no discussions of literature or expositions of her novels will be found. Instead of such things is the stream of family gossip, talk of bonnets and balls and the visits of old friends or new neighbors and the things which one sister has always written to another.

> I am sorry to say my colored gown is very much washed out though I charged everybody to take great care of it. I hope yours is so too.

The commonplace things all sparkle with that sort of fun, for Jane Austen could not write five lines without revealing her character and her temperament. It tickled her to write down what everyone would feel secretly.

> Charles Powlett has been ill; his wife is discovered to be everything that the neighborhood could wish her: silly and cross as well as extravagant.

Mixed with this tartness is the high spirits and the teasing which was so characteristic of her:

> If you have never heard that Miss Dawes has been married these two months, I will mention it in my next.

One seems to hear Cassandra shrieking with joy and exasperation over them as she read them aloud to a circle of intimates. But there is more in them than sharpness and wit; often she reveals herself in scenes which are as vivid as any in which we meet her heroines.

> Mrs. Bramston was very civil, kind, and noisy. I spent a very pleasant evening, chiefly among the Manydown party. There was the same kind of supper as last year and the same want of chairs. There were more dancers than the room could hold, which is enough to constitute a good ball at any time. I do not think I was very much in request. People were rather apt not to ask me till they could not help it; one's consequence, you know, varies so much at times without any particular reason. There was one gentleman, an officer of the Cheshire, a very good-looking young man, who, I was told, wanted very much to be introduced to me; but as he did not want it quite enough to take much trouble in effecting it, we could never bring it about.

How in the world can anyone find a letter of that sort disappointing? Why in the most natural way possible. He may quite well feel like the young man at the ball who looked at Miss Austen and was scared of her. Irony and intelligence are alarming, and though Jane Austen's love and acceptance of, and preoccupation with, the affairs of everyday life led them to pass almost unnoticed or at any rate to seem less dangerous, they could not be completely concealed.

> I am laying in a stock of intelligence to pour out on you as my share of conversation. I am reading Henry's "History of England," which I will repeat to you in any manner you may prefer, either on a loose, desultory, unconnected strain, or dividing my recital as the historian divides it himself, into seven parts. The Civil and Military—Religion—Constitution—Learning and Learned Men—Arts and Sciences—Commerce, Coins and Shipping—and Manners; so that for every evening of the week there will be a different subject; the Friday's lot, Commerce, Coins and Shipping, you will find the least entertaining; but the next evening's portion will make amends. With such provision on my part, if you will do yours by repeating the French Grammar and Mr. Stent will now and then ejaculate some wonder about the cocks and hens, what can we want?

The circumstances of a young lady of the upper middle classes a little over a hundred years ago might not seem conducive to the expression of genius, but they did not fetter Jane Austen in the least. She accepted the life around her, felt herself part of it, and fewer great writers have been less at odds with their environment. Only now and again does a remark slip out which shows what a portent she was. For example when she visits a girls' school she reflects:

> The appearance of the room, so totally unschool-like, amused me very much; it was full of all the modern elegancies—and if it had not been for some naked Cupids over the mantelpiece, which must be a fine study for girls, one should never have smelt instruction.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
A drawing by Cassandra Austen, supposed to be of her sister Jane.

Like many hundreds of other persons, I am terribly in love with Jane Austen, and I am very grateful to Mr. Chapman who with this edition of her letters has made her more real and living to me.

Waste

(*Continued from page* 373)

comforting sometimes to wrap oneself in the careless plenitude of a careless writer of genius whose talent is unblotted and unrevised. Nevertheless as one looks through the new books of serious fiction, sociology, economics, biography, criticism, history, the wonder grows that in an age when the mechanical pressure upon living has been doubled and redoubled, these earnest and thoughtful writers have allowed themselves such unskilful diffuseness and such uncritical profuseness and inaccuracy in words. A good, even a fair poet, could send a class of modern prose writers to the board and keep them sweating there for hours while he gave them elementary lessons in making expression efficient. So natural and inevitable does it seem to most writers of our books to ladle out paragraphs in order to fill one waiting spoon, that it is difficult to make them understand the need, and still harder to make them understand the means, of economy in words. With amazement one remembers that Bacon in the spacious days of great Elizabeth wrote chapters in paragraphs. The salt brevity of Montaigne, the packed sense of Thoreau, the nicety of "The Sentimental Journey," the lucid compression of "Candide," and the sheer skill in expression of Defoe at his best, or Goldsmith, or that great journalist Macaulay, are constant reminders that when the pressure of things to read was less than now, the efficiency of prose was again and again brought to a far higher pitch.

We have written much here of the cost of books, and should have said before that this cost is measurable in more important things than money—in time, in boot-slogging through verbosity, in ennui. With a team of assistants to help we would guarantee to take any shelfful of books published in 1932, and, eliminating a few volumes written by men and women aware of the necessity for craftsmanship in words, reduce the remainder to 80% of their length, and add 20% to their efficiency. (Many books we suspect would never survive such editing. They would evaporate leaving only a platitude or a couple of facts.) But the job belongs to the authors and the publishers that produce them. This is one way to bring down the price of books.

Frank Merriwell, hero of a series of books for boys of which rather more than 100,000,000 copies have been sold in the last thirty-five years, soon will appear on the screen and be heard over the radio, Gilbert Patten, who wrote most of the books in the series under the pen name of Burt L. Standish, said in a recent interview with a representative of the New York *Times*. Mr. Patten, according to the *Times*, is writing the radio scripts and is also at work revising the paper-backed books to appear in a cloth-bound edition. He is "modernizing them, trying to make the boys talk as boys do now, and putting in some radios and airplanes for background."

"Mr. Patten," the *Times* continues, "originally wrote his 208 Merriwell stories at the rate of 20,000 words weekly. Most of his work was dictated, but to dictate properly he had to walk, and a pedometer showed him that he was walking about four and one-half miles each morning. He is typing out the revisions himself, but with his rate greatly decreased, averaging about 1,500 words a day. So far he has revised four of the books and has two more almost ready.

"In addition he writes the running story for a school and adventure strip about Frank Merriwell which appears daily in more than 200 newspapers in the United States, Canada, and the Philippines.

"Mr. Patten started writing Merriwell stories in 1896 and worked steadily at them until 1914. He did the work for Street & Smith, publishers, at the rate of one every two weeks, each volume containing about 70,000 words. Mr. Patten has since taken over all rights to the Merriwell stories except the paper book rights. Street & Smith are still reissuing the books, in new covers."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
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WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

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Milton as Statesman

OLIVER'S SECRETARY: John Milton in an Era of Revolt. By DORA NEILL RAYMOND. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER M. WITHERSPOON
Yale University

THE process of revaluation of the titans and heroes of the past, to which twentieth-century biography has set its hand, is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of Milton. He, whom the nineteenth century regarded as the typical Puritan of his age, is now considered rather as a Renaissance artist and thinker. The divine Milton, who was at lowest but an archangel damaged. has been shown to be only a man, and to some he seems an unlovable, harsh, and very quarrelsome old man indeed. The poet whom Shelley ranked as third among the world's sons of light has had his claim to a place on the right or even on the left of Shakespeare questioned by Mr. T. S. Eliot. Milton, the titan of English poetry, has been discovered by Mr. Burton Rascoe to be only a stuffed shirt and the baldest plagiarist; the God-gifted organ-voice of England sounds in Mr. Rascoe's ears like "an instrument only of austerity and of vicious personal abuse." It was inevitable, of course, that the brilliance of Milton's halo should have been subjected in these our days to a careful spectral analysis. The true and final estimate of its quality has yet to be reached, and it will be many years, perhaps, before the diffracted rays will be blent into the cold white light of truth.

In her biography Mrs. Raymond turns from the more usual considerations and emphasizes the political aspects of Milton's life. The singer is subordinated to the statesman, and the poet of "Comus" and "Lycidas" has been submerged in the Latin secretary and pamphleteer. Her book is unique in that it is the first biography of Milton by a woman, and the point of view is very definitely that of a woman. She gives us, perhaps unconsciously, pictures of Milton as lover, husband, father, son-in-law, uncle, that are rather more vivid than her views of Milton as public official. And her description of Milton as seen by his wife and daughters, the maids in his household and his nephews in the schoolroom, does not make a very engaging portrait. Few women have ever liked Milton, and he does not seem to have been a great admirer of the sex. Mrs. Raymond's book resolves itself at times into a brief for Mary Powell and Eve as against John Milton, and seldom has the woman in the case been so rhapsodically eulogized. When Mary Powell died and left "England's monitor," Mrs. Raymond likes to fancy that "the Holy Mary and the other Mary, called Magdalene, came out to welcome Milton's Mary, who must have been full weary. They had suffered much through men. They deserved for their abode a quiet heaven, free of clashing angels." As for "much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve," the author is convinced that "if there shall come a twilight of the gods when thrones go tumbling, even that of the great Jehovah of Milton's worshiping, perhaps Eve's single loyalty to love will have its due." But Milton and the men have long had their day in court, and their case has been presented with the tongues of men and of angels, and none will begrudge a woman's voice on behalf of Milton's Mary and the mother of mankind.

Much sound scholarship has gone into the making of Mrs. Raymond's book, and it seems on the whole a fair presentation of Milton's life and activities under Cromwell and during the Restoration. There is one notable oversight in her research. The author seems to be unaware of the recent discussions of the date of Milton's first marriage. She accepts without questioning the traditional date of June, 1643, although this is wholly apocryphal, and various students of Milton, among them J. S. Smart, Burns Martin, and B. A. Wright, have convincingly shown that all the known circumstances point to June, 1642, and away from 1643. To accept 1642 as the date would be in consonance with all the facts we possess, and would do away, as has been pointed out, with the grotesque legend of Milton's writing his first divorce tract during his honeymoon. He would seem, to the great prejudice of his detractors, more like a human being and less like a ridiculous ogre.

The book is well documented, and although here and there rather too free use of the fancy is made in portraying the thoughts of Milton's mind, it is a refreshing contrast to many popular biographies which soar entirely away from prosaic facts on the wings of the imagination. Like all biographies of Milton, Mrs. Raymond's book bristles with points on which other students of the poet would take issue. There are several misstatements and anachronisms chargeable to excess of imagination and lack of verification.

The author in a fine passage illustrates

JOHN MILTON.
From a painting by Pieter van der Plaas

the irony of history which led George IV to command Charles Sumner, "Lord Bishop of Winchester," to translate Milton's anti-Trinitarian "De Doctrina Christiana." Unfortunately for the irony of history Sumner was only a minor canon of Worcester Cathedral when he made the translation, and became Bishop of Winchester several years later. Alexander the Great and Pindar are made contemporaries by a similar oversight. When in speaking of Milton's failing sight she describes him as learning of the kingdom of darkness to which Hobbes refers, she forgets that Hobbes was referring to the Church of Rome by that term. A captious critic might ask for her authority for Milton's wishes in the following connection: "When officers of state solicited his opinion on the Rosse divorce, he may have given it, but if so, privately. He had no wish to be drawn into a matter that might give precedent to the mooted divorce of Charles II from his barren wife." Charles II had an ancestor's precedent that all Europe knew. It is a bit difficult, also, to see how under Cromwell "the conquest of the Normans was now avenged by godly English squires and English armies."

In seventeenth century politics Mrs. Raymond seems to lean rather to the Cavalier side. Oliver Protector rouses little enthusiasm in her, and is treated rather condescendingly. Milton she sees, at times, "following in the path of others, who, idealists when out of office, exalt expediency above all else when they attain to power." "Some subtlety it takes, indeed, to understand the doctrines and the conduct of this Secretary for Foreign Tongues." If, in comparing the pamphleteer of Aldergate Street with some gay Cavalier, she finds the former less attractive than the king's man "who doffed his hat to death with the same low bow and touch of plume to earth with which he greeted his lady in May time," few women, at least, will be disposed to disagree with her.

Milton's lack of delicacy in some of the academic exercises, and the brutal coarseness of his replies to Salmasius and others, come in naturally for disapproval. And while it is difficult for the twentieth century to excuse Milton for dealing in such opprobrious terms, it must in all fairness be remembered that he was but using the weapons of his day and of his opponents. Even popes borrowed strong terms from classical Latin to express their opinions of their political enemies. As Milton wrote to Salmasius in Latin it may be presumed that only the learned, whose eyes were steeled to classical freedom, noted his remarks. The seventeenth century, as Mr. C. P. Mason has pointed out, had little more thought of sanitary speech than of sanitary plumbing, and had not yet encountered that feminization of speech that was to be begun by the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Mrs. Raymond has given us on the whole a just picture of Milton as his contemporaries saw him—as champion of divorce, defender of regicides, Oliver's secretary, a blind pamphleteer, a Milton Agonistes, and, late in the day, a poet of other worlds and one of England's great men.

Dreiser a Hero

FORGOTTEN FRONTIERS: Dreiser and the Land of the Free. By DOROTHY DUDLEY. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert K. Haas. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

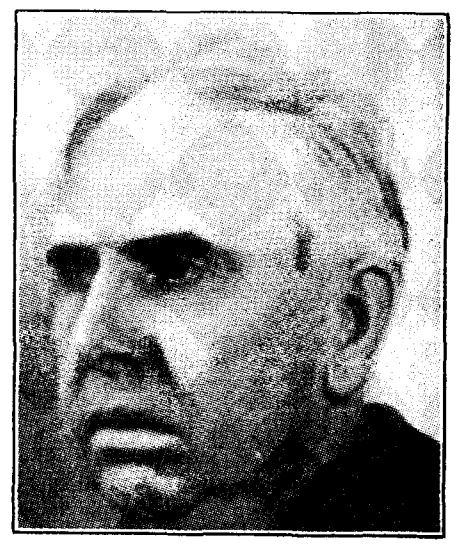
THEODORE DREISER was born at Terre Haute, Indiana, August 27th, 1871, at 8.30 o'clock in the morning and at the age of sixty-one has attained to the high honor of having a book written about him which is quite as long as a substantial novel, though hardly in all its pages as interesting. Dreiser, of course, has written longer books about himself and not covered anything like all of his career in them; he is at once the most garrulous and most frank autobiographer in American letters; and it is only the fact that he has not yet covered his whole career that gives Miss Dudley some justification for her biographical chapters. Miss Dudley is garrulous, too, and given to almost unintelligible asides and extensions, not all of which illuminate Dreiser or the American scene, though they do let us know that Miss Dudley is a writer of about the same order as Margaret Anderson and such like enthusiasts.

She sees her hero as not alone the greatest living American writer, but as a monolithic personality as well and one whose career is the story of the liberation of American literature from its hampering swaddling clothes. She delights in pioneering minds and relates her hero to those writers who were venturing "into the unexplored fields of imagination and intellect" in the early years of this century. Dreiser, she insists, derived his strength from the American scene, especially those aspects of it which are alleged to have killed our artists. To a social relation and understanding, he added a "nearly unconditioned quality of mind, which is live intellect, and rare the world over, which is Dreiser's pioneering gift to this country." This is a little vague, but it leads inescapably to the fact that to describe Dreiser one must resort to a banality which has become rather offensive to sensitive souls: he is above all an American. As American, indeed, as beauty parlors, bootleggers and automobiles, as Miss Dudley says.

Like all advocates, Miss Dudley has not only celebrated her hero, she has also been burdened with the seeming necessity of aspersing his enemies and critics. In many ways those passages given over to this business are boresome, for Dreiser won through and does not himself cherish any great resentment. When he said to Miss Dudley, "I am not an instrument, that is only silly, I am a symptom of change" he rationalized away any possibility of taking a subjective line toward the sorry accidents of his career. Anyone with a grain of sense knows that Americans resist and fight new things outside the realm of technology. So the story of "Sister Carrie" which was carried almost to the release date and then bilked by Doubleday, Page & Company seems an almost necessary and "just" (in the dramatic sense) passage in Dreiser's career. So also the reception "Sister Carrie" got from those reviewers who did see it as a result of Frank Norris's activities, has also a dramatic inevitability about it, even though American stupidity stands in annoying contrast to English receptivity. In the same way, the attack on "The Genius" by Sumner has all the elements of comedy in the way it separated the sheep of American letters from the goats to the delectation of such connoisseurs of comedy as H. L. Mencken. There should never have been any doubt about the final issue, even though a supine acceptance of Sumner's position might have delayed the ultimate triumph some years. In fact "The Genius" was stored for seven years only. Dreiser himself says "I was always lucky, I always got the breaks."

This last verdict is little less than astounding to those of us who are old enough to remember Dreiser before "An American Tragedy" and who are yet young enough to think of him as a wealthy patriarch of letters. If Dreiser got "the breaks" who in the world has suffered hardship? Read the judgment on his career and then consider the story of his childhood as told in "Dawn," of his newspaper days as told in "A Book About Myself," and of his literary career as told in Miss Dudley's book.

Dreiser's work, Miss Dudley finely says, "is sometimes a sprawling, sometimes a soaring block of buildings, structural when seen as a whole; insensitive tonally when considered close up." It is the "insensitive" tonality which leads to so many quarrels about his fiction, for hardly a critic is now alive who hasn't objected to Dreiser's style. Most of them are satisfied to see only one aspect of it, that translated into an excellent image by Miss Dudley: "freight cars shunting endlessly back and forth." They have quite neglected the good writing of which Dreiser has somehow been guilty, and Miss Dudley is perceptive enough to see that her hero's reputation as a "great bad writer" could be changed entirely should someone issue a volume of selections, a suggestion also made by another Dreiser defender, Burton Rascoe. Dreiser's value goes deeper than style; it is rooted in American so-



THEODORE DREISER.

ciety and in that peculiarly personal essence to which Miss Dudley makes reference. It is related to that strain in his mind which makes him "willing to believe nothing and ready to believe anything"; the tendency which makes him as "superstitious as an old Roman"; and the quality which finds expression in his tremendous sense of *destiny*. Few American writers have had that sense even in small measure and none has been so willing to allow it free play in his writings. It has allowed Dreiser to see that life does go terribly in the United States and give the perfect reply to the reiterated assertion of the contrary. Miss Dudley's story of his career is as rough and rugged as Dreiser himself and fits the man almost perfectly. There is even something pleasing about its frank and unashamed hero-worship.

Dr. Philip Gosse, whose "History of Piracy" has reecntly appeared, is a son of Sir Edmund Gosse. "His interest in pirates dates from his boyhood when Robert Louis Stevenson used to tell him stories," says *John d' London's Weekly*.

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The Bowling Green

A Place in the Stars

THE *Evangeline Adams Guide for* 1933, a general astrological forecast for this new year, makes excellent reading. (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2.00). It was largely completed, the publisher tells us, before the death of Miss Adams some months ago. No one can be a practising astrologer for forty years, as Evangeline Adams was, without the exercise of much wary shrewdness. Some of her predictions are eminently safe—*e. g.* that June will be a month of many marriages, that July will be a good time for vacations, and September will show much activity in the theatres. No very intensive study of the planets is required for these suggestions.

But in the somewhat sombre mood of this newest of our perplexing years, we were inclined to go into the matter more curiously. Besides general predictions, the *Evangeline Adams Guide* offers specific counsel which the individual can work out for himself, based on dates of birth. The Bowling Green looked up with some care the influence the stars indicate for this department during the months to come. Some of the prognostics are amiable; others alarming. The best way we can check them is by making a memorandum. Certainly the first of Miss Adams's predictions has been verified in the first week of the year. "In my forty years' experience," she said, "I have never known a conjunction of Mars and Jupiter to fail in bringing unseasonably warm weather. It also usually brings an outbreak of fires and thefts." The springlike temperature of the first few days of January was common observation in these parts; also the extraordinary episode of the burning of the French steamship *l'Atlantique.*

The first three weeks of January, Miss Adams said, would be pretty good for business; people will be in a buying mood. But this will not last long: about the 8th of January "Jupiter turns retrograde," and this, it appears, tends to slow things down. The last week of this month is more favorable to research and meditation than to activity. She anticipates "considerable agitation over religion" during the month, "and even a tendency toward fanaticism." The public mind during January is likely to be even more than usually susceptible to irritation. We have found this so already in our own case. As against which, referring to the signs of our private horoscope, we note that during the last 18 days of the month the Green will be "under friendly vibrations of Venus."

⁂ ⁂

Miss Adams's forecast for February is not encouraging. She predicts labor troubles, agitation by the unemployed, and the need of coöperation on all sides. The Green itself, we learn with some nervousness, "will be strongly under the depressing Saturn with particular application to finances." This is apparently the beginning of a long period during which Saturn will have the better of us. The only consolation is that there are some counter-irritants. Persons of our particular nativity will also be under a friendly vibration from Mars, which is likely to give us "greater energy than has been the case in several months." But Miss Adams wisely remarks that this aspect in itself will mean little unless we "take advantage of it by intelligently perfecting our plans."

March also looks dubious to the stars. "The influence of the erratic, revolutionary planet Uranus will be prominent." Miss Adams says that the unexpected will be the rule, and it does not promise to be a propitious month for the Presidential Inauguration. For the Green itself, it will remain under the "debilitating" influence of Saturn throughout the month of March. This means that our powers of resistance will be at a low ebb and our physical functions will be sluggish. "You may be misunderstood and blamed for things for which you are not responsible; be diplomatic and in every way avoid criticism. This is likely to be a depressing time and must be borne philosophically."

At this point we were beginning to get uneasy. Perhaps March would be a good month for vacation? But Miss Adams is more hopeful about April. Uranus will be in conjunction with Venus, "an aspect especially favorable to the affairs of Government" (which certainly will need it). It also looks good for inventors, oil industries, moving pictures, advertising and publicity. This, for some mysterious reason, is said to be due to the influence of Neptune. April will be a vigorous, excitable month, and there is some danger (Miss Adams believed) of the clergy again getting out of hand, "taking a too aggressive attitude in their expressions in the pulpit or the public press." The Green will again be under the gloomy sway of Saturn, but this is somewhat offset by a "constructive and beneficial vibration" from Jupiter. But even this has its perplexities: "This aspect usually causes one to take on weight."

⁂ ⁂

In May, we are glad to learn, Jupiter ceases to retrogress and turns forward in his orbit (May 10). This, Miss Adams said, "is a powerful influence for progress. In my forty years' experience I have never known business to prosper very greatly while Jupiter was retrograding." This also checks fairly well with our own private prognostication, which has long been that things will begin to pick up about the time of the Chicago World's Fair. Miss Adams forecasts a definite business improvement for May, and that "great common sense will prevail." But after the 22nd of the month there is likely to be "an element of scheming and duplicity." This is ascribed to "the vibrations of the mystical Neptune." For the Green itself, we are still "adversely aspected" by Saturn, but can fall back upon the friendly push of Jupiter. May 1st to 14th, also, we get another smile from Venus: we shall need it by then. But it is in the first eight days of June that things begin to look better. There will then be a "friendly relation between Venus, Mercury and Uranus, which favors writers of romance, inventors, advertisers, salesmen, artists, etchers, and engravers."

We should enjoy going on with this, but presumably most readers will prefer to look up Evangeline Adams's book for themselves and figure out their own place in the stars. Perhaps by the time June arrives we may be able to look back on these notes and see how far we have been able to avail ourself of the astrologer's warnings. Certainly we have an open mind in these matters. We used to think there was nothing in it. Then, some years ago, an astrologer wrote out a very careful horoscope for us. We thought its findings extremely improbable; we put it in a filing case and forgot it. Two or three years later we found it again by chance; and were dismayed to note that several of the most improbable warnings had come literally true.

Miss Adams, and her staff who continue her work, are too sagacious to suggest any attitude of fatalism for their clients. They say, these are the harmonies or difficulties indicated. By moving with the rhythm of events, rather than struggling against it, you may come nearer your desire. There is nothing necessarily occult or yogish about their doctrine. This seems to me a sincere and intelligent book; often naive, but engagingly so. In the long run the astrologers have probably had as high a percentage of correctness as the Investors' Services and the Technocrats.

⁂ ⁂

"We are rapidly approaching the beginning of the Aquarian Age," Miss Adams wrote. Though when she said rapidly, she may have been speaking in astrological terms and perhaps meant another thousand years? The Aquarian Age "is an age of coöperation and reason. The sign Aquarius is the most humane and unselfish sign in the entire Zodiac." One of humanity's most ingrained habits is its passion for attaching names and labels. By the time we have learned all the names of phenomena it is too late to do anything about them. It doesn't much matter whether the imagined Good Time is called Aquarianism or Decentralization or anything else provided we make some progress toward it. Whether we call it Astrology or whether we call it a Hunch, our star-students have at any rate divined one profound truth: that the chances of getting through the traffic are best for the man who waits until the light turns green. Only occasionally, in the training camps of statesmanship, does a ball-carrier emerge who has an instinct for picking holes in the interference. For ourself, when Miss Adams tells us that our destiny in 1933 depends on the extent to which the vibrations of Saturn and Jupiter neutralize each other, we promptly identify those two as our old friends Indolence and Energy. They have met before.

⁂ ⁂

JUXTAPOSITION

(*A translation from the Chinese*)

The pack of cards showers down on Alice,
She takes her bows with serene gravity,
The imperturbable black kitten blinking
green eyes
From the crook of her arm.
The Mandarin proceeds with measured
tread
To the harmless necessary basement.
Horror on horror's head!
What is this in the Civic Repertory's
chaste temple of the arts?
"Dr. Wharton,
Same old moderate fees."

EARLE WALBRIDGE.

⁂ ⁂

Among our Oriental gems, the kohinoor is a New Year letter received by Houghton Mifflin Company from a Japanese bookseller. He writes for catalogues and also seizes the opportunity to elucidate the Manchurian situation. Most satisfying of all is his description of the Monroe Doctrine.

DEAR SIR:

I thank you for your every year's kindly many obligations, which is being composed of several catalog Illustrated booklet-phot. review-poster, price list, concerning the scientific development and their compliments, and other hand leading now numerus magazine.

I present you some picture card of our new national park review, painted by our artist authors, and enclosed here.

I have now some honour to reports you regarding our recent Manchuria and Shang Hai civil war as following few lines:—

After fairly big war in Shang Hai and manchuria which was indisputable chinese territory, was forcibly seized, was obsenic city and nebours, occupied by the armed forces of our Japan. And has, in consequence, been separated from and declared independent of the rest of china and established their own government, which is organizing now by the Japan and Manchuria both officers selected from their populations. Next now recognized his government under the international allians enthusianess and Japanese authors and her nurseries. Therefore, passing now anxiety cloud between few months, our nations received favoured with kindness by the grace of god, and being encouraged owns profits and eternal racing affairs, or her reconstruction for far east civilizations and it's relative nursery.

Please lead us our both infanity or populations and rend us your Europians eternal treaty on Monroe's white pigeon-breast hope.

Again please send me your every year's new catalog and illustrated booklet and etc.,

Praying and hoping your's new year good fourtune, I am waiting here for your early presents.

⁂ ⁂

An Outline of History, observed in the window of a Broadway optical shop: *Officers' Trench Periscopes, cost the government* $67.50, *for sale now* $5.50.

I am your's truly.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Stories and Talk

THIRTEEN SUCH YEARS. By ALEC WAUGH. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. ALEC WAUGH has discovered the legendary art of spinning straw from gold. The groundwork of his latest book is a series of ten short stories. As short stories go, their average level is not remarkably high. Several of them are little more than anecdotes; they run to mechanical superlatives, about "the bravest man I ever knew," or "the most patriotic man I ever knew"; one of them descends to the old O. Henry formula of demonstrating that a character will always act in one fashion, and ending the story by showing him doing the reverse, of a sudden. But out of this unpromising material, Mr. Waugh has made a book which is quite unusually readable and entertaining.

His secret is that he has strung the stories on a thread of reminiscence and after-dinner talk. He will begin to chat about his war experiences, or his visit to America or the South Sea Islands, or he will theorize a little about the younger generation; this will go on perhaps for a page, perhaps for half a chapter, but sooner or later it will remind him of something that happened to a man he knew, or a girl he met, or a fellow he heard of. The story, when it comes, may not in fact illustrate his point very strictly, it may not be formally, a remarkable story; but it is always told with the utmost skill, and one is delighted by it—it was introduced so casually, almost so apologetically, and it is after all so good. Similarly, Mr. Waugh's opinions on society since the war are not in themselves especially penetrating, but they are put with a perfection of urbanity, and a casualness that quite takes one off one's guard. The book is in fact a new form; it is a sort of transcript of the talk of a great talker, such as one reads about and longs to meet —*not* a great conversationalist, but a great talker, who frankly regards the rest of the drawing-room as an audience, but who, like Mr. Thornton Wilder's Princess d'Espoli, exerts all his resources to charm that audience. We do not often have a writer of Mr. Waugh's gifts content to provide pure entertainment, and when we do we should be grateful for it. "Thirteen Such Years" cannot be called an important book, but it is a uniformly pleasant book.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE LAST ADAM. By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. *Harcourt, Brace.*
The story of a Connecticut town and its people.

THE FURTHER DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY. *Harpers.*
Witty notes upon the difficulty of living the life of a writer at the same time as that of the woman who presides over a home.

BULA MATARI. By JACOB WASSERMANN. *Liveright.*
A study of Stanley which has an allegorical slant.

This Less Recent Book:

THE DR. THORNDYKE OMNIBUS. *Dodd, Mead.*
Thirty-eight detective stories by a master of mystery tales.

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Recent Religious Books

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION. By PAUL TILLICH. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1932. $1.50.

HUMAN NATURE AND THE CHURCH. By PERCY ELLIOTT LINDLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.

RELIGION IN OUR TIMES. By GANIS GLENN ATKINS. New York: Round Table Press. 1932. $2.75.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH. By JAMES THAYER ADDISON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $3.

THE BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP for Use in the Several Communions of the Church of Christ. Edited by BISHOP WILBUR P. THIRKFIELD and the REV. OLIVER HUCKEL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $1.50.

TREASURE HOUSE OF THE LIVING RELIGIONS. By ROBERT ERNEST HUME. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by P. W. WILSON

IF six text books on algebra were set side by side, it would be obvious at a glance that algebra was their subject. Elementary or advanced, they would elucidate a science, exact and coherent in its accepted principles.

No less definitely do these six typical books deal with the subject called religion. Yet it is no approach to a cultural unity that they suggest but rather a bewilderment over kaleidoscopic chaos. It is not a symposium. It is merely a miscellany.

Dr. Atkins is a disciple of Moody. With Northfield as his *alma mater*, he has thus felt the full force of the terrific shocks that have been shattering the stern fabric of Puritanism in the United States. Against that aggression, Bryan thundered perorations, Straton preached anathemas, Billy Sunday shakes an athletic fist, and Charles Trumbull of Philadelphia offers the witness of a profound personal piety. Despite his Fundamentalist upbringing, Dr. Atkins admits that there has been a *fait accompli*. It is as a shrewd and a serene spectator of turbulent transition that he stands upon the sidelines. Within the same confused landscape, he brings Tennessee and Rabrindranath Tagore, Bishop Manning and Clarence Darrow. The merit of the book is that it achieves an appointed objective.

On the other hand, that objective is limited. It is the seething surface alone that Dr. Atkins surveys; he does not plumb the depths. Also, his survey is confined to the foreground in front of him which foreground is the immediately Protestant. He is careful not to complicate the complex by including Catholicism within his pale, nor does he pause to consider that, amid the tornado, there are churches, traditional and Fundamentalist, which define "religion's supreme opportunity for the future"—rightly or wrongly—as the preservation of faith's citadel as a refuge against uncertainties. Like the Catholic, Dean Lindley supports argument with organization. What he would build is a church. The issue that he raises is thus simple. It is stated by Dean Lindley in a metaphor that may be crude and even culinary but at least is lucid. We read:

> Chefs must know what people like to eat. Fashions in the dining hall change as well as those in the ballroom. A recent survey, for example, shows that the demand for sandwiches has increased 250 per cent in ten years.

So with "the local church" which "now finds itself too tamely equipped to meet the physical expectations in this age of enhanced luxury." We must arrange "pleasing temperatures" and "deep cushions should be placed in every seat."

In this thoughtful volume, there is more than the deep cushion. Every page, tersely written, presents a close mosaic of ideas as a stimulus for thought. Yet the question to be answered is, none the less, plain. Is the Church, effective in the twentieth century, to be a kind of social synthesis of what, at a given moment in a particular locality, is held to be the need of certain individuals in that particular community? Or is it still to be the Church Universal, however that term be defined, endowed with an authority not to represent but to redeem "human nature," an authority unaffected by opinions, periods, and geography? Between the two conceptions, there appears to be, as yet, no common ground.

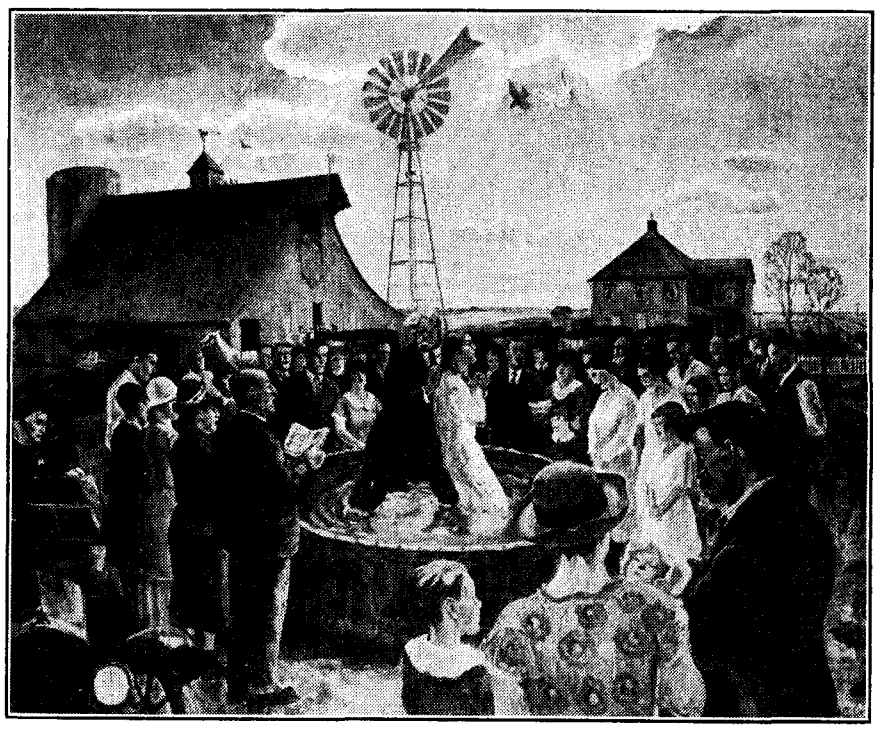
Dr. Tillich applies to the problem the concentrated abstract in the German mind. He sees religion, not as an ecclesiastical phenomenon but—like matter itself—as a continuum, subject to absolute law. He is as much concerned, therefore, with art and ethics outside the churches as with the beliefs and ceremonial within them; he is an Einstein, seeking to express faith in the one final formula.

According to Professor Niebuhr of Yale who translates this essay, it is "earnest and profound." We agree. So also was the Athanasian Creed. But of all formulas, whether Nicene or mathematical, there have to be asked two questions: First, are they comprehensive? Does Dr. Tillich really see any further than Dr. Atkins? Is not the one as German in his outlook as the other is American? Would it be possible, for instance, to fit the Wesleys into Dr. Tillich's theory that Protestantism is an emanation of Capitalism? Secondly, ought not the comprehensive, if it is to be worth attaining, also include the comprehensible? Is religion intended to be for the many in their battle of life or is it a chess problem for the few who are so acute in their minds as to be able to understand the moves on the academic chessboard?

Mr. Addison is one of several writers who recently have appreciated religion as a facing of facts that have to be faced. He deals with death and the beyond. To St. Paul, immortality was a sure and certain hope. To Mr. Addison, it may be no more than a fascinating speculation in which one man's guess is as good as another's. In these pages, it is manifest that language frequently fails to express what belief is trying to say. Yet despite all absurdities and cruelty of dogmatic expression, here set forth in masterly perspective, we are able to see how persistent, how eager, how agonizing have been the endeavors of mankind, age after age, to peer into the abyss that lies between the here and the hereafter.

The last of these books show religion in actual operation. "The Book of Common Worship," edited by Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield and Dr. Oliver Huckel, is prepared and printed as a prayerbook and it expresses that return to devotion which may be described as the Oxford movement in the nonconforming churches. The book is intended to take a permanent place in the manuals of organized faith. It reveals a true liturgic instinct, a welcome breadth of social responsibility, and a sensitive respect for the instincts of piety. Our only criticism is, as it were, occasional and, if held to be of substance, it could be met easily by an adjustment in future editions. The responses—frequently reiterated—"we dedicate this organ"—"we dedicate this house"—"we lay this corner stone"—would never have satisfied the ear of Cranmer.

There is, of course, no expectation that Dr. Hume's "treasure house of the living religions" will be used as an order of service. What he gives us, is a generous gleaning of the best that he has found in sacred writings, Christian or Hebrew, Buddhist, Confucian, Hindu, or Islamic, The attack on inspiration is answered by the plea that, in very truth, the spirit blows where it listeth. In the selection of these varied, but always impressive, passages, and in their dignified translation, reverence is associated with scholarship—and the abundance of the indices—160 pages—indicates what labor has been expended on a valuable achievement. We have here no secondary treatise about comparative religion. In its quintessence, we have comparative religion itself, and there only remains the hope that, some day, these words about peace and righteousness may become flesh and dwell among us.



BAPTISM IN KANSAS

From a painting by John Steuart Curry in the Whitney Museum.

Benedict Spinoza

BLESSED SPINOZA. By LEWIS BROWNE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.50.

SPINOZA, THE BIOSOPHER. By FREDERICK KETTNER. New York: Roerich Museum Press. 1932. $2.50.

SPINOZA, LIBERATOR OF GOD AND MAN. By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES. Courtland. 1932.

SPINOZA: A Life of Reason. By ABRAHAM WOLFSON. Modern Classics Publishers. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

THE four books here under consideration have been written and published by way of commemorating the tercentenary of Spinoza's birth. To the general reader the name, Spinoza, connotes little or nothing, nor has it been a name to conjure with even among students of philosophy as has been done with such names as Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, Bacon, Kant, and Hegel. It may be that this indifference has been due in part to the unattractive form in which Spinoza chose to formulate his thinking. Or, it may be that his teaching pointed to conclusions so opposed to accepted beliefs that his writings were denied academic hospitality. Be the reason what it may for the neglect, that neglect has lasted for two and a half centuries. It would seem, however, that we are beginning to realize we dealt as unjustly in this excommunication of his mind as did his Jewish confraternity in Amsterdam in its excommunication of his body. Perhaps the man who could compel the homage of Goethe, Lessing, Heine, Hegel, and Renan may have something to say to us also, especially in these days of economic and social reconstruction. Perhaps the voice that came as of one crying in the wilderness may be the forerunner of another who shall show us how to live more wisely and more abundantly. But be the expectation what it may the present commemoration will serve to keep green the memory of a man who served his God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his might, and those who help in this service, as Mr. Browne, Dr. Wolfson, Dr. Kettner, and Mr. De Casseres have done, deserve due acknowledgment.

In this service these four writers have done their best enthusiastically and even devotionally. It is not, it must be confessed, a distinguished best; for in their enthusiasm they have permitted themselves to indulge in a sentimentality and even sensationalism which tend to deprive their subject of the very dignity they desire to emphasize. Mr. Browne and Dr. Wolfson, in their biographies, may have been led to this by their free acceptance of the story told by Lucas in "La Vie et l'Esprit de M. Beniot de Spinoza," for they quote him extensively, and Lucas plainly showed himself to be an undiscriminating panegyrist for whom even Auerbach had not much respect. Of course, they also draw from the other source—the life by Johann Colerus, the Lutheran pastor. But Colerus does not color his tale. He detested Spinoza's teachings, but that did not prevent him from setting down his facts in a simple tale without extenuation, malice, or laudation so that there is little material in him for sacrificial altars. And these two authorities are really the only sources we have for the facts of Spinoza's life. The tales both told could be printed in less than sixty pages of an octavo volume. Slight as this material is Mr. Browne and Dr. Wolfson have used it to make up two portly tomes. They have done this by filling in backgrounds with historical digressions which, interesting in themselves, scarcely tend to throw into relief the portrait of the man they so earnestly desire to make impressive. They have brought to bear on their work a wide reading and a sincere urge for accomplishment. But the actual data at their disposal were not sufficient for the elaborate treatment they have undertaken, so that one feels they have drawn out the thread of their verbosity finer than the staple of their argument. They would have succeeded better had they concerned themselves less with a historical setting and more with an exegesis of Spinoza's philosophical corpus. For, after all, Spinoza the man is best realized in Spinoza the philosopher.

Dr. Frederick Kettner, in his book "Spinoza, the Biosopher," has attempted to follow this suggested method. But his exposition of the "Vital Wisdom" he has found in Spinoza's "Ethics" is more a personal valuation of Spinoza's philosophy than an exposition of it. His expository method and purpose will, perhaps, be sufficiently indicated in the following quotation from the "Conclusion" to his book:

> Spinoza's teaching helps us to understand that man is not only a mode of the attribute of Extension, but that he is also a mode of the attribute of Thought. In fact, Spinoza bequeathed these "Ethics" to mankind in order to remind man that nature is also God, and that man as a conscious being can control not only machines but also himself. Should not this thought make a man feel that ethical engineering is just as important as mechanical engineering?

Mr. Benjamin De Casseres's book has for its subtitle "The Liberator of God and Man." He, like Dr. Kettner, has attempted to make us realize Spinoza through his "Ethics." But he also has chosen to express himself rather than Spinoza. He has selected those parts of Spinoza's "Ethics" which serve him as planks for a Spinozistic platform from which to expound his faith as a disciple of Nietzsche and Max Stirner. From this platform he speaks with self-fulfilling ability and with arresting eloquence. Whether or no his readers will agree with the conclusions he draws, interesting and challenging as these are, they must surely acknowledge the sincerity of his convictions and his ability to express them.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE WHITE COCKATOO. By MIGNON G. EBERHART. Crime Club. 1933. $2.

Mrs. Eberhart has so proved her quality in the past that readers can approach her tales with confidence. They will find no disappointment here, for "The White Cockatoo" is an ingenious story, with a rapid-fire narrative, a skilfully contrived plot, a mystery well sustained, and a solution that neatly ties all the threads of the book together. It is a good, red-blooded tale, with murder and violence breaking out under circumstances nicely chosen to make them terrifying, with a howling wind to play them an accompaniment, and a puzzling damsel to serve as heroine. The seasoned detective story reader, to be sure, is likely to hit upon the proper criminal long before the author is ready to reveal him, but Mrs. Eberhart has at least been able to keep her end sufficiently in doubt to shake that reader's conviction several times before his guess is proven correct.

Unlike her earlier stories, Mrs. Eberhart has set this one in an indefinite town in the south of France, in a thinly peopled hotel, whose empty corridors and many unused rooms offer plentful opportunity for evil happenings. Here she precipitates an American engineer into the web which has been spun about the person of a beautiful heiress, and here before long he finds himself the suspect of the French police. How he is extricated, and how the heroine is delivered from the malefactors who are plotting against her, we leave it to the reader to discover for himself. He will have some tense hours in the doing of it.

Miscellaneous

WASHINGTON SWINDLE SHEET. By WILLIAM P. HELM. Boni: 1932. $2.50.

In his opening paragraph Mr. Helm announces: "This is a tale of the world's greatest swindle sheet—the expense account of the Senate of the United States. "The world's greatest!" Magnifico! This is a subject all Americans are poignantly interested in. Long experience with swindles has made us experts on the subject, connoisseurs. We can shut our eyes and tell the category of a swindle by the sense of smell alone. Swindles of all kinds. Swindles of our money, of our heritage as a free people, of our once boasted religious freedom; swindles of our national self-respect by moronic politicians who have made the name American anathema everywhere on earth; swindles of our economic well-being by the same moronic politicians, acting under the whip of greedy special-privilege groups. Yes, sad to say, we know a great deal about swindles.

Thus an American can approach Mr. Helm's book with an adequate, one might say a postgraduate, knowledge of what a swindle, a real swindle, is like. And what do we find? That Senators receive forty cents a mile for transportation expenses coming to and going from Washington. That some of them use public money to pay for their pleasure junkets—trips to Panama, excursions to Russia, airplane surveys of wild life (feathered), fishing trips, ginger ale, and cracked ice. That they give five-dollar tips to chambermaids. That they spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in investigations that may or may not be worth while. That they have their families and relatives on the payroll as clerks, though they work little or not at all. That the cost of burying is defrayed by the Treasury—why, one wonders, should the choleric Mr. Helm object to this? The only good politician, he seems to think, and I partly agree with him, is the dead one. But this drab story isn't a swindle, in the sense that the American people know swindles. The practices Mr. Helm rails against are in part legitimate and at worst merely petty till-tapping not to be classed at all with the robust stealing on the grand scale to which we are accustomed. There is enough rottenness in the land to provide substance for a score of books, but the subject Mr. Helm chose is big enough at best for only a magazine article.

The author has a pleasant style and is at all times clear and readable. He possesses undoubted gifts as a muckraker and should, next time he sallies forth to battle, fight in a cause that is big enough for him.

RESEARCH BARRIERS IN THE SOUTH. By *Wilson Gee*. Century. $2.25.
THE GENIUS OF THE HEARTH. Dial. $2.
HELLAS THE IMMORTAL. By *John Myers O'Hara*. Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale.
NATURE RAMBLES: WINTER. By *Olive B. Medsger*. Warne. $2.
FOR THE PEOPLE. By *Roy F. Bergengren*. Stratford. $2.

Brief Mention

A novel book, somewhat amateurish in its writing but containing interesting material, is Mabel Power's *The Indian as Peacemaker* (Revell, $2), an attempt to bring together material historical and legendary which shows the Indian in an aspect not sufficiently dealt with. The famous League of the Iroquois of course has a chapter but there is much fresher material showing the high estimate in which the peacemaker was held among Indian tribes. * * * Henry Russell Spencer's *Government and Politics of Italy* (World Book Company, $1.60) is naturally more original than the other volumes of this series because, as the author says, "Fascism has created a new Italian political world." * * * A Columbia University Press book, *The Book of Delight*, by Joseph Ben Meir Zabara, translated by Moses Hadas ($3.25), is an example of the curious mixture of erudition, science, ethics, and fiction through which, thanks to the Jewish translators and compilers of eleventh to twelfth century Spain, so much classical learning came into Europe. *The Book of Delight* is a series of dialogues,, some witty, some quaint, and all informing, with a good deal of folklore included. * * * We note also here the eighth volume of the *Pepys Ballads* series edited by H. E. Rollins (Harvard University Press, $3.50). This volume contains chiefly indices. * * * Pleasantly reminiscent but rambling in its subject matter and gossipy is Frederick Van Wyck's *Recollections of an Old New Yorker* (Liveright, $4).

We have received several inquiries about *The Life and Letters of Archibald Cary Coolidge*, by Harold Jefferson Coolidge and Robert Howard Lord (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) which was mentioned some weeks ago in this column. Professor Coolidge, who founded *Foreign Affairs*, was a seminal influence in history in this country and also a personality of force and charm. The *Life and Letters*, therefore, is naturally much more than a memorial and will be interesting to readers of biography as well as to those interested personally in the man and his work.

Those who savor books on nature should be told of the new edition of Edward Thomas's excellent *The South Country* (Dutton, $3.75), nature essays on the countryside of southern and western England now illustrated with wood engravings by Eric Fitch Daglish. They should also know of another volume by Cornelius Weygandt of the University of Pennsylvania, *A Passing America* (Holt, $3). Mr. Weygandt knows his Philadelphia country, not only the Red Hills to the north and west but the covered bridges over the creeks, the pin oaks and the sycamores, the quaint costumes of departing religious sects, and the flavor of a varied culture not to be duplicated elsewhere in America. This book is half antiquarianism and half nature study and good in both. * * * Little Brown & Co. have published a new gift edition of *Ramona*, Helen Hunt Jackson's classic, said to be the best edition of this perennial. * * * Another new edition, this time of first-rate scholarly importance, is *Les Natchez* of *Chateaubriand*, published with an elaborate introduction and notes by that distinguished authority on early America, Gilbert Chinard of Johns Hopkins. This book, with its interesting illustrations and elaborate background of scholarship, will be the standard text of Chateaubriand's famous work (Johns Hopkins Press, $3.50). * * * Another scholarly edition published in elaborate fashion is E. T. Dewald's *The Illustrations of the Utrecht Psalter* (Princeton University Press, $14). The medieval Utrecht Psalter, in Latin, is distinguished by an extraordinary series of line drawings at the head of each Psalter. This new edition, with a facsimile of the text, contains an analysis of each of the famous illustrations. * * * Volume 6 of *The Annual Index-Digest of the United States Daily* has just appeared and may be secured from the Executive Offices, 2201 M Street, Washington, D. C.

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Points of View

Mr. Hansen Objects

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: The letter from Mr. Donald A. Roberts taking exception to Burton Rascoe's "Titans of Literature" contains also a heated attack on those who have "admired" or "praised" this book, to wit, the reviewers of the newspaper press, who are accused in bulk of ignorance, dishonesty, and intentional distortion. As my name comes first on Mr. Roberts's index I should like to make a reply.

The words of praise which Mr. Roberts ascribes to us seem to be those repeated in the publisher's advertising, a source that never reveals the true attitude of a reviewer. If Mr. Roberts had consulted my own review he might well have accused me of enthusiasm and of admiration for the gusto with which Mr. Rascoe writes, but he could hardly have said that I undertook to make a blanket endorsement of all the facts and opinions in Mr. Rascoe's book. On the contrary, I stressed the ability of the author to make literature exciting, which Mr. Roberts helps to prove, and then made specific reservations to indicate that I disagreed often with Mr. Rascoe.

I am now accused of dishonesty for not discerning certain inaccuracies said to exist in the chapter on Milton. I am not widely read in Milton—like Dr. Johnson I found the reading of "Paradise Lost" a duty rather than a pleasure—but leaving opinion out of it I find at least two statements by Mr. Roberts with which I differ explicitly: Milton did take much more than ideas from his predecessors; he took "images, allegories, and conceits" as well, and when he was denouncing prelatry in "Of Reformation in England" he did specifically attack the pope.

It is true that the first-line reviewer is often more enthusiastic than those that come after; often our immediate reception of a book glows with a warmth that cools as we move further from the original event. First thoughts are followed by second thoughts, and these by revaluations a year or two later, and when a book reaches its centenary another "new view" prevails. If at times we overestimate the importance of a contemporary work we are, to say the least, in good and often classical company.

Mr. Roberts attacks us because we do not apply the equipment of the specialist; my reply is that I am here to announce a new book and to tell my readers what it means to me; if they have read me over any length of time they will make allowances for my limitations, just as I extend my sympathy to Mr. Roberts for having become so tangled up in the seventeenth century that he forgot to be just to living men.

HARRY HANSEN.

New York City.

So Does Mr. Grattan

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: Since I am seemingly more deeply implicated in the Rascoe affair than a reviewer simply (I helped read proof), I may perhaps be permitted to define to Mr. Roberts some of the privileges of reviewers. I did not read all the reviews of "Titans of Literature" but those which did come under my eye and which praised the book, praised not its scholarship either as a whole or with reference to particular figures. They praised rather Rascoe's gusto, vigor, capacity for creating interest, for making literature news. These qualities are important and I personally envy Rascoe them and pity Mr. Roberts for his scornful rejection of them. Many of the reviews I recall mentioned errors the writers had discovered and several of them specifically disclaimed endorsing all that Mr. Rascoe said. (My own line was: "Naturally I disagree with Rascoe on many points, but I was genuinely annoyed but once and then at his really very funny misinterpretation and misvaluation of poor old Henry James.") This is quite proper, for if we are not permitted to praise in general terms books which we know contain errors, what a pass that will be! If we turn into fact grinders and present fact grinding reviews for publication, out of the office we will go! And if the fact grinding ideal wins out, the popular reviewing mediums will have to shut up shop and refer their readers to the scholarly journals which even scholars don't read and literature will forthwith die from lack of that sort of discussion which contains vigor and point and contemporary relevancy.

If Mr. Roberts had confined his remarks to points of fact, it would be for Rascoe alone to reply, but since he has chosen to impugn the common honesty and responsibility (even digging up the hoary tripe about not reading the book which in nine years of constant reviewing I have never found to be the case with responsible reviewers) of a representative group of non-academic critics, he has really opened the old quarrel of town and gown. As one who has served on both sides and who maintains friendships on both sides, I deplore this. That the two groups necessary to a completely literate community should cover one another with mud on every possible occasion is, bluntly, disgusting. Too frequently when a professor gets a book from a non-academic writer for review and discovers in it an error, he forthwith is horrified and writes his review around the error, quite forgetting the book in his rage to show how much he knows and quite forgetting, also, that scholars from time immemorial have occupied themselves with the errors of their predecessors and contemporaries. Indeed, within the last year a book appeared exclusively devoted to destroying, factually and in other technical ways, a book which gained its reputation chiefly from *professorial* endorsment and the winning of the Pulitzer Prize. Did Mr. Roberts look up from Milton long enough to note this controversy and did he note that both disputants were professors? And he will impugn lightly (as lightly as he blackguards the New York reviewers) the judgment and general integrity of the professors who endorsed the terrible piece of junk in the first place? The book I so characterize was "The Coming of the War, 1914," by Bernadotte Schmitt and the destructive analysis is "Germany Not Guilty in 1914," by M. H. Cochran.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

New York City.

Repudiation

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*

Sir: A Boston newspaper has recently printed a poem called "Le Pauvre Vatel" which first appeared in the *Saturday Review* some years ago, and in reprinting this poem the newspaper in question ascribed its authorship to me. When it first appeared it was printed over my signature, but it was not written by me or submitted by me, and I wrote you at that time to disclaim all credit for its authorship. It seems only fair to the real author for me to state again at this time that I had no connection with the writing of the poem or the submission of it, and that I have done all in my power since it appeared to disclaim credit for it.

KENNETH B. MURDOCH.

Harvard University.

[*This poem was written by Kenneth R. Murdock, and was by error printed under the name of Kenneth Murdock.*—THE EDITORS.]

William James

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In his review of C. H. Grattan's "The Three James," Mr. Leon Edel, with his chief interest in William (as shown by your note following the review), criticizing the book for its sins of omissions, asks why the author failed to mention William James's "Exposure of Psychic Phenomena." It would seem that the reviewer himself must have a "blind spot" with regard to William James's many years of deep interest in this subject. Otherwise, rather, he would have asked why Grattan failed to speak of William James's "exposure" of "mechanistic materialism!"

The reviewer has such a keen admiration for William James's "rapid and spontaneous prose, and his magical use of words" that it seems strange that he should not have remembered, for instance, these words from "A Pluralistic Universe: Hibbert Lectures," 1909, page 315. Here, as a final statement of his belief, James says: "I myself firmly believe that most of the phenomena of psychic research, so called, are rooted in reality."

As to the book under review, itself, and apropos of Mr. Edel's admiration for William James's "rapid and spontaneous prose," etc., may I mention here the amazing—or amusing (?)—statement by a reviewer, in the New York Sunday *Times*, to the effect that Grattan himself tells us that William James's work is justified since, through it, we have the writings of Proust and Joyce!

A. BLAIR THAW.

Washington, D. C.

A Sister by Courtesy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: My attention has been called to a letter sent by one of your correspondents pointing to a "historical blunder" in my "We Begin." The sentence reads: "Elizabeth simply didn't know what was to be done about her sister Mary. Execution of one's sister seemed somehow appalling."

May I offer explanation in stating that sixteenth century royalty spoke of kinsmen and kinswomen as "brothers" and "sisters." Mary, of course, was not Elizabeth's sister, but her cousin. But Elizabeth would have referred to her as her "sister." However, since the matter has caused comment, future editions will use the term "kinswoman" instead.

HELEN GRACE CARLISLE.

New York City.

Italy Not France

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In your issue of November twelfth (The Compleat Collector) p. 246 appears the statement that, "when 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' appeared it had to be printed in France. . . ."

For the sake of accuracy you may wish to correct this. The book in question was first printed in Florence, Italy. It was later (1929) reprinted in France and several pirated editions were issued in the United States.

NATHAN VAN PATTEN.

Stanford University.

Plea into Flea

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I have just read, in your issue of November 26, John Drinkwater's "The Flea." Positively this is the most exalted treatment of the theme I have ever encountered. So disappointed was I, however, at not being able to lay my finger on *pulvex irritans* that I summoned my muse and sent her out in search of the vagrant. This is what she drug in (to be substituted for Mr. Drinkwater's third stanza):

Instead, good saint, I ask that thou
My dol'rous state consider,
Since all my days and nights till now
Have been exceeding bitter.
Admit me, then; heed thou the plea
Of a symbiont to the English flea.

ARTHUR L. CAMPBELL.

["The Flea" (it should have been "The Plea") hopped into only the first five hundred copies of *The Review.*]

Shifting the Mississippi

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*

Sir: *Please* ask Mary Austin to put the Mississippi Riber back into its own place; or to shunt the Osage Indian ranges back to the *west* side instead of to the east of that stream! Else I must rebuilt within my memory the land of my nativity.

In every other detail Mrs. Austin's review of "Wah' Kon-Tah" (see *Sat. Rev.*, Nov. 19, p. 251) is like a new glimpse back into that Navaho and Osage River country of my boyhood days, when those Indians frequently materialized, and were always real, even if not at the moment visible.

FREDERICK WILLIAMS PIERCE.

Pennsylvania State College.

The collection of essays, notes, and comments on the work of William Vaughn Moody, which is called "Moody the Mystic" (vol. I) from the title essay by Horace J. Bridges of Chicago, is now complete and only awaits a more favorable time for publication. The volume is edited, with Introduction, Bibliography, and Who's Who among the Contributors, by the poet's sister, Mrs. Julia Moody Schmalz, 153 Morris Ave. West, Mountain Lakes, N. J. The first book on the poet's life, "Early Years," is practically finished, but Mrs. Schmalz is still seeking letters and reminiscences for the second volume, "Later Years" (1893-1910). Copies of letters will be welcome, and any original letters sent will be copied and promptly returned.

THE ARYAN PATH
Vol. 4 JANUARY, 1933 No. 1

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

H. B. W., *Buffalo, N. Y., asks for the address of the Gilbert and Sullivan Journal.* It is published by C. B. Aston, 10 Shrubbery Gardens, Wimbledon Hill, London N 21, a quarterly at four shillings per annum. Having gone so far along this road, I cannot pause without saying that for pure delight, for solid comfort, for at least a week-end of surcease from a world only too well-furnished with facts, nothing beats the little fat volume of "Plays and Poems," by W. S. Gilbert, published by Random House with an introduction by Deems Taylor. And if this preface stirs you to further reading along the same lines, there is "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," by Isaac Goldberg (Simon & Schuster), which came out in 1928; Herbert Sullivan's "Sir Arthur Sullivan" (Doran, 1927) for which Arnold Bennett wrote the preface; and Sidney Dark's "Life and Letters of William S. Gilbert," published by Methuen in 1923. Beyond that, you can look in the bibliography—one of the most readable of its kind—"Sir William Schwenck Gilbert," by Townley Searles, an illustrated quarto of 105 pages, published by Alexander-Ouseley, London, in 1931.

H. S., *Detroit, Mich., needs the poem "Darby and Joan" which begins "Darby, dear, we are old and gray"* and I could give it to him by the sound process of singing the tune and letting that drag the words back with it. For it was a delight of the drawing-room in days when a lady was still asked to "bring her music." Also it is to be found in Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" (Houghton Mifflin), and in the unusually good collection of poetry called "The Listening Child," edited by Lucy Thacher and published by Macmillan. If anyone asks who wrote it, it was F. E. Weatherly. And I would have told R. L., who asks who wrote "When half-gods go, the gods arrive," that this department does not include quotations in its otherwise boundless activities, but he put no address on his letter so it is easier to tell him that it is by Emerson, and if he will look in his "Poems" (Household edition, Houghton Mifflin) and read until he comes to these words, he will bless me for the hint. Somebody must surely be reading Emerson's poetry now, but evidences of it are to be found only in the use of part of this line by Edith Wharton as the title of "The Gods Arrive" (Appleton), and the quotation by the heroine of Isabel Paterson's "Never Ask the End" (Morrow) of a snatch from "Days," in one of those swift surges of memory of which a line of suddenly remembered poetry is the spray. Even then she says, "the allusion escaped Pauline." Yes, it would not be safe to hang too much upon the supposition that your audience would place a quotation from a poem by Emerson—but I wish it were.

Being on the subject, Isabel Paterson's novel should be added to any list of new fiction now being prepared for reading clubs; because it is good entertainment it should not be forgotten that it has worked out something very like a new technique of fiction. If we took this matter of technique as seriously as, for instance, they do in France or in the inner circle in England, there might be the same sort of stir now about "Never Ask the End" that there was abroad when "Jacob's Room" broke the even tenor of Mrs. Woolf's literary way.

L. C. P., *Dijon (Côte-d'Or) France,* says "In the *Saturday Review* you offer some books in English on Burgundy, but you fail to mention 'Burgundy Past and Present,' by Evelyn M. Hatch, published in 1927 by Methuen, with thirty-seven illustrations and a map. This is a splendid book on Burgundy, interesting, well-written, and accurate" and he underlines the last word as a special guarantee, adding, "of course there are some fine books in French on this region."

F. P. D., *Philadelphia, Pa.,* is making a bibliography of street and inter-urban railway books, and would appreciate it if any of our readers would give him the titles of novels written about this industry, or books that allude to horse, cable, or electric cars, other than those of a technical nature. Cudgeling my brain, I can knock out only (1) the play "Subway Express," which set upon the Broadway stage and kept there for a long run the interior of a subway train as the scene of a startling mystery play, (2) the Toonerville Trolley that meets all the trains, (3), the fact that Knut Hamsun ran a horse-car when he was in America, though where I picked that up I can't recall, (4) the famous story about finding that a fellow-passenger in a Fifth Avenue bus had been quite recently murdered—this is usually told as a personal experience—and (5) the admirable motorman in Elsie Singmaster's "The Young Ravenels" (Houghton Mifflin), a family story that comes as near as makes no matter to the true Alcott tradition, in which the man on the trolley receives the confidences of the small boy of the family on his way to and from school.

G. M. M., *Trudeau Sanitarium, asks if there are crossword puzzles adapted especially to children.* Several volumes of them: "Junior Crossword Puzzle Book" and "Young People's Crossword Puzzle Book" (both Simon & Schuster); "Putnam's Junior Crossword Puzzle Book" (Putnam); "Ruth Brooks's Crossword Puzzle Book" (Lothrop), the last-named being the latest. And speaking—as an addict to this form of diversion—of such volumes, the one published by John Day, "Judge's Fourth Cross Word Puzzle Book," is not for children, being one of those trick productions, snapping with smart meanings, that pleases one who uses the righthand lower corner of the *Times* as a standard of comparison, as I do. I have not seen the Oxford Press's offering, H. C. LeMesurier's "Pattern and Patchwork," described as "Fifty puzzles that puzzle," but I am told on good authority that it's great.

A. B. M., *Santa Ana, California, says "An assignment on T. S. Eliot for the meeting of a poetry club is proving difficult. Can you suggest sources for material? We have available Eliot's 'Prufrock,' 'The Waste Land,' and 'Ash Wednesday,' the comments of Louis Untermeyer and Joseph Auslander, Edwin Muir's 'Transition'* (Viking), and *Harriet Monroe's 'Poets and Their Arts'* (Macmillan)." The latest addition to such an equipment is the volume of T. S. Eliot's "Selected Essays: 1917-1932," lately published by Harcourt, Brace, with his "Poems: 1909-1925" from the same publisher. The content of the essays is rich and their range wide; the last of its seven groups closes with two of his contributions to the Humanist controversy, the latter including the searching and clearly autobiographical statement: "Most people suppose that some people, because they enjoy the luxury of Christian sentiments and the excitement of Christian ritual, swallow or pretend to swallow incredible dogma. For some the process is exactly opposite. Rational assent may arrive late, intellectual conviction may come slowly, but they come inevitably without violence to honesty and nature. To put the sentiments in order is a later and an immensely difficult task: intellectual freedom is earlier and easier than complete spiritual freedom."

The latest attention that T. S. Eliot has received in print is in H. G. Wells's new novel, "The Bulpington of Blup" (Macmillan), where he is praised by the hero. I hasten to add that praise from this particular hero, in Mr. Wells's own mind, is just about equivalent to a swift clip on the ear. Incidentally, this is the first Wells novel since "Meanwhile" that I have been able to read right through; indeed, I scarcely stopped reading it, so awful is the spectacle of the progressive doom of a loose thinker with a disposition to stick his head under the soft shelter of a dream.

The letter from Santa Ana from which I just quoted opened with the most satisfactory rebuke I have received this year. "Your answer to the first question in your department in the issue of December 3," said A. B. M., "fails to name a clear and concise outline on book-reviewing, one that has proved helpful to students and club women to whom I have recommended it upon requests to my desk in a country newspaper office. Need I name Chapter XIV in 'Books as Windows,' by May Lamberton Becker (Stokes)? As one of the Invisible Company I tender my appreciation."

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Homer-Shaw-Rogers

HOMER'S ODYSSEY. Translated by T. E. SHAW. Printed under supervision of Bruce Rogers. Various editions. 1932.

EASILY the outstanding publication of the year, T. E. Shaw's translation of the "Odyssey" has had an ample "press," and a very considerable success: the English (limited) edition has been oversubscribed in England, and the American (trade) edition has had, I am told, an unusual run before publication. As to the merits of the translation we have heard from competent critics like Gilbert Murray (in a recent *Saturday Review of Literature*) and shall hear more about them in due time. But aside from the literary importance of the book, its typographic qualities are so fine that it well merits attention on that score.

There are three editions of the book: first, an English limited edition of 530 copies (500 for sale) at $50, of which 250 were allocated to America and 250 to England; second, an American limited edition of 25 copies at $60; and third, the American trade edition at $3.50. Originally planned as an anonymous publication—translator and printer alike to be unannounced—the book has now, properly, I think, come out with the regular statements as to authorship and printer.

1. The English limited edition. This has been published by Messrs. Emery Walker (Sir Emery Walker and Wilfred Merton) and Mr. Bruce Rogers. It is an octavo volume (8x11½ inches), printed on special hand-made paper, and set in 16 point Centaur type by the Cambridge University Press. The presswork was done at the works of Emery Walker, Ltd. The binding is full black Niger morocco, with gilt top and gold stamped spine. There are decorative illustrations for each Book.

This volume represents in an interesting way what fine artistry is in book printing. The type is a commodious size of that very lovely roman letter, based on renaissance models, which Mr. Rogers designed, and named *Centaur*. I have had occasion before this to comment on its refinement and grace. It is used here in absolute simplicity, no tricks of type-setting or accessory *fleurons* being employed. It is truly a beautiful letter, and a beautiful page.

The decorative element in the volume is supplied by the circular medallions, one at least at the head of each Book of the "Odyssey," drawn by Mr. Rogers as free and often humorous adaptations of Greek vase paintings. The pictures are printed in black over gold leaf, the gold being treated to vary the tint slightly through the series. The technical problems involved in this printing over gold were extremely difficult of solution, but none of the stress appears in the final consummation. And the effect, as may be supposed, is rich and restrained. Such use of actual gold leaf is rare in printed books, and of doubtful expediency save in the hands of so competent a designer as Mr. Rogers, or skilled workmen such as did the printing. Few books have been so decoratively illustrated in recent years.

The binding, in black morocco, is again severe and rich, no false move having been made to over-decorate or over-elaborate. As a whole the volume is, as was Greek art, simple, straightforward, and undemonstrative—though, again as in the case of Greek art, when one examines it at length and with some conception of the problem set, the complete mastery of detail will begin to be apparent.

2. The American limited edition. This small printing was made to preserve copyright ownership. The book is printed on French mould paper, and is bound in blue leather. The setting is in linotype Janson type—a type face which also has been noted here before. The same just margins and simple page arrangement have been worked out which go to give the English edition its satisfactory appearance. Instead of printing all of the medallions, in this American limited edition there is one only, printed on the title-page, in black and gold.

3. The American trade edition. This is, too, a handsome volume, printed from the same type as the just mentioned limited edition, and on ordinary paper; it is bound agreeably in blue cloth. Here again one medallion only appears, but in black alone, without the gold background.

The American limited edition seems to me an unfortunate commercial intrusion into the work, for as it sells for a higher price than the much better English limited, and is issued in twenty-five copies only, there seems every reason to suppose that it will immediately (or, at least, as soon as our book collectors have more money) become a pawn in the rare book game. It seems not quite "cricket."

For the English limited and for the American trade editions (and no trade edition is to be issued in England, by T. E. Shaw's request) there will be a cordial welcome from all who regard the fine printing of books as an art. The restraint which has guided the design of the volumes, and the perfect example of type-setting and printing, in its own superb manner, which has resulted, will place these volumes as among the most successful and sophisticated which we have had issue from the press in recent years. The only criticism which might be urged against them is that the English volume is less a book than an *objet d'art;* but in its dignity and suavity it is a modern masterpiece, while the American trade edition is quite completely and satisfactorily a *book.*

R.

Marching On

THE *COLOPHON* has just issued a thirty-page brochure, "Three Years and This Year," which summarizes the editorial philosophy of this book collector's quarterly identifies its twenty-one contributing editors (easily the most distinguished group which ever lent its support to so eclectic a periodical enterprise in America), indexes and classifies the 108 contributions which have appeared in its twelve issues, and lists the 39 American and eight foreign presses which have made signatures. The index of contributions alone gives the booklet definite reference value—makes it, in fact, a sort of "World Almanac" in little of the results of recent bibliographic investigation. One regrets—the compilers of the brochure most of all, perhaps—that Mr. Shaw's middle name is rendered Bernhard, but after all one is aware who is meant. A copy of the booklet may be had by addressing the *Colophon* at 229 West 43d Street, New York, or the Pynson Printers at the same address.

Born into an era of economic constraint, a veritable child of calamity, the *Colophon* has weathered and is still weathering the storm with a vigor which is the most encouraging phenomenon in contemporary book-collecting. The first year's issue (two thousand copies) was heavily oversubscribed—a state of affairs which at first tickled the vanities of the proprietors immensely, but which they have since come to regret. Volume II (1931), issued in three thousand sets, is also out of print. Volume III, of which sets are still available, was recently concluded with the appearance of Part XII. Subscriptions are now being received for Volume IV, the first number of which will probably be ready early in March. The subscription price is $15 a year.

The brochure also announces the forthcoming publication of "The City Looking Glass," by Robert Montgomery Bird, probably the earliest native play dealing with "the seamy side of life in a large city in America." (New Yorkers and Chicagoans will be pleased to know that the seamy side here exposed is Philadelphia's.) The play has survived as a manuscript in the Clothier collection in the University of Pennsylvania. In its first printed form it will carry an introduction by Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn. The number of copies to be issued will be determined by orders received from *Colophon* subscribers.

J. T. W.

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The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

ALABAMA

From Mobile, *Merlin N. Hanson* asks us whether we would care for a photograph of the home of *Augusta Evans Wilson*:—

It was constructed in 1840 and 1850 by slave labor. There are no nails in the house; but dowel pins were used freely When possible, each joint was made by mortise and tenon. The driveway of the home is lined with huge oaks from which hang long gray beards of Spanish moss, while on each side of the drive are banks of brilliant azaleas.

(We fear this department will not be able to use pictures, but the description is most attractive!)

HAWAII

Clifford Gessler contributes the following from Honolulu:—

Hamlin Garland, who is lecturing at the University of Hawaii, has completed the fourth volume of his literary reminiscences, which will be published by Macmillan." I haven't decided what to call it," he said. "Probably something like 'Toward the Sunset,' for many of my old friends are passing on."

Mr. Garland says he hopes to be the first visitor to Hawaii to get away without trying to ride a surfboard or seeing a hula. They probably won't get him anywhere near a surfboard, but I doubt if he can escape the hula.

When your correspondent visited Chicago a few years ago the first person to greet him was *Robert Casey*, author of "Haunted Castles in Luxembourg," and other works, who said: "So you've been in Hawaii. Tell me one thing: do you play the ukulele?" "No." "Do you dance the hula?" "No." "Let me congratulate you."

When *Christopher Morley* visits Honolulu next March, he will probably appear in the prologue of the world premiere of his play, "When the Blue Begins," which will be presented by the University of Hawaii Theater Guild. *Arthur Wyman*, director of the guild, played with Mr. Morley in Hoboken.

Harry M. Snyder, publishers' representative, when he stopped in Honolulu recently on his return from the Orient, took to New York with him a number of manuscripts by Honolulu writers.

Zane Grey passed through Honolulu November 23 on his way to the South Seas to hunt square-headed sharks.

Philip Hanson Hiss, explorer in South America, New Zealand, Australia and the Orient, left Honolulu for Los Angeles November 23, after six months in Hawaii, to write a book about the islands.

Walter J. "Doc" Adams, newspaper humorist who returned to Honolulu recently from a European tour, was married December 2 to *Miss Mary B. Reynolds* of Hollywood, a former member of the Fanchon and Marco company. They are making their home in Honolulu.

Honolulu booksellers are stocking poetry more extensively than has been the case for many years. A fairly comprehensive list of American poets is represented, to coincide with a course in contemporary poetry which will be given for the extension division of the University of Hawaii by *Miss Ruth Eleanor McKee* of the Library of Hawaii.

IOWA

Mrs. L. Worthington Smith of Des Moines informs us:—

Lynn Riggs, author of the Theatre Guild success, "Green Grow the Lilacs," favors Iowa again with the first performances of "The Cherokee Night." Mr. Riggs and *Professor Mabie*, head of Drama at the State University of Iowa City, rehearse the plays together and produce them with a university cast for Iowa audiences before Broadway sees them.

Paul Engle, last year graduate student at the State University and one of the editors of "West of the Great Waters," an Iowa anthology, has won a Rhodes's scholarship.

Vicki Baum, author of "Grand Hotel," drew the largest lecture-audience ever assembled in the large auditorium in Hoyt Sherman Place when she spoke before the club women and their guests. Mrs. Baum acknowledges an indebtedness to Sinclair Lewis for her use of American slang. Her naïveté was amusing and disarming. When introduced to a fellow guest in a home where she was being entertained in Des Moines, she asked, "Are you high born?"

Tiah Devit, the Iowa maid from Oskaloosa who went to New York City and wrote "The Aspirin Age," is being entertained at numerous pre-nuptials in her home town and in Des Moines. The young author braves the Iowa snow storms with bare legs. Twinkling toes, with lacquered nails glowing through the lattices of her sandals, cause her audience to look rather than listen for words of wisdom.

The Des Moines Public Library reports "The Good Earth" and "The Fountain" are still the books in greatest demand at the central library and at the branches.

MISSOURI

On a recent jaunt through this state, *Dorothea B. Hoover* collected the following items:—

The Harvey Restaurant window in busy *Kansas City* union station, instead of displaying frosted cakes and holiday candies, was full of books—a collection of expensive limited editions from a "Beowulf" with the *Rockwell Kent* illustrations, "Don Quixote," *Montaigne's* "Essays," to a *Whitman's* "Leaves of Grass" bound in red morocco and carved walnut, no less!

St. Louis also listed over 25 bookdealers, among them C. Witter, "82 years a bookshop." I couldn't resist boarding a street car blazoned its full length with a sign "Behind In Your Reading? Read As You Ride!" Spent a rainy morning in Doubleday, Doran's, as completely satisfying a bookshop as I've ever got dusty in! The *Abbé Dimnet* had just visited them, autographing some of his books, and a frenzied sale of "What We Live By" followed. Here too the Van Loon "Geography" was selling briskly. I saw the bus boy carrying up armloads of freshly uncrated "Human Being," and picked one off the top to read the last chapter, having mislaid my *S. R.* According to their intelligent *Sara Fogelman*, Morley has a steady following here, from "Parnassus on Wheels" on up to his recent books. I asked about business, she knocked on wood, and said she hoped it would continue like the last few months. Up front a whole table featured "Ozark Mountain Folk," by *Vance Randolph*, the young scholar from our corner of the state, Pineville, in the Southwest Ozarks.

The Southeast Ozarks are something else again—different in dialects, traditions, customs, etc.—according to jolly *Allan Hinchey* of Cape Girardeau, who had just printed his "Stories of Southeast Missouri" and was all for piloting us up and down the western bank of the Mississippi along the trail followed in 1541 by De Soto and his army of Spanish soldiers and priests! The Teachers College library of C. G. was a delight—spacious, colorful, and with a "browsing corner." (The librarian doesn't know how close he came to losing his prized copy of Hogarth's complete engravings!)

At Kirksville, I visited the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College and learned of its unique ten-year experiment in giving its faculty an opportunity to grow: its fund for travel and study, available for all faculty members, and the Coöperative Library, where any college teacher may have ordered for his leisurely perusal any book he wants to see; if proved of value for the students, it is then placed in the regular college library. Financed originally by an easterner, this experiment is now a vital part of the program of this small college.

In St. Charles, on the old Boone's Lick Road, I saw the sumptuous new library at Lindenwood; their treasured collection of books of the Sibleys, founders of the college; the little locked cubby-hole where one of the faculty is writing a history of old trails; high leaded windows in the main reading rooms, with sunlight streaming through red curtains onto sleek bobbed heads.

OREGON

Viola Price Franklin relays this information:—

The State Library was invited to send its exhibit of books by Oregon authors, about two hundred volumes, to the Book Fair recently held in Seattle. Book Week was celebrated in Oregon in various ways. The Book Department of Meier and Frank's large department store, Portland, had a wonderful exhibit of books by Oregon authors. J. K. Gill Co., gave their annual reception to Oregon Authors in their famous Poets' Corner. Perhaps the most outstanding event of Book Week was the reception to Oregon Authors given in the Portland Public Library by *Miss Mulheron*, Librarian, and the Board of Trustees. About two hundred guests attended and enjoyed the evening in literary conversation.

Anthony Euwer, widely known poet and artist, is now on the radio staff of Oregon State College, Corvallia. He gives readings from his books, "By Scarlet Torch and Blade" and "Friendly Firs," also discussions of literary topics, which are very popular.

Richard Montgomery of the J. K. Gill firm, Portland, gives interesting book reviews and also edits a column in *The Portland Spectator*.

The Metropolitan Press, Portland, is doing a fine work in publishing Oregon books. Their excellence in artistic printing and binding is first class. *Mr. Binford*, the manager, has recently discovered two rare mansucripts, which he is publishing. In Canyon City, the early home of *Joaquin Miller*, was found a copy of "A Royal Mountain Highway," which had been written in 1906. The book contains a facsimile of the old manuscript and is "A book of fine printing, hand set in a limited edition and frontispiece printed in intaglio." It sells for $10, and Mr. Binford says it is selling well even in these times of depression. The other manuscript was found at Hood River and is entitled "Genevieve, A Tale of Oregon." This novel was written by *Homer Balch*, famous for his novel, "The Bridge of the Gods."

Studio Publications, Inc., are now the publishers of the books of the *Whitney Museum of American Art*. They comprise, to date, the eighteen monographs on American artists already published—Bellow Davies, Luks, Sloan, etc., together w the "Catalogue of the Collection," and "Critical Introduction to American Pai ing," by Virgil Barker.

"Mary Cassatt," "Glenn O. Coleman," and "Ernest Lawson," three further titles in the American Artists Series, will be published January 25th; "Thomas Eakins," a definitive and critical biography by Lloyd Goodrich, on Febuary 17th.

Late this spring, "A History of American Graphic Humor," by William Murrell, will be ready.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BINDERS for your Saturday Review numbers. Gold stamped, black buckram, wire fasteners, handy way to file the copies as issued, or the back files. Postpaid $1.50. Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann St., N. Y. C.

EDNA St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence," first edition, rare. Will part with mine for $75. Box 106.

REBEL—Long line southern ancestry—rebel against present membership to unemployed troupe. Will consider any occupation—Hobby—"Little Theatre Movement." Formerly head of Dramatic Department in College. Blonde Rebel.

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YOUNG WOMAN, temporarily unattached, appreciates finer things of life, would like similar male companionship; New York or vicinity. Box 107, *Saturday Review*.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

ON every side we hear discussions of Technocracy, and lots of books are rapidly being published explaining just what it is and what it has found out about America. One of the first of these books, and, it seems to us, one particularly interesting to the layman, is *Harold Loeb's* "Life in a Technocracy: What it Might be Like," which the Viking Press publishes on January 13th. The book is distinctly written for the man in the street. Mr. Loeb has known *Howard Scott,* chief Technocrat, since 1919. After meeting Scott, "I was struck," says Mr. Loeb, in his introduction, "by the logic of treating the production and distribution of wealth as an engineering problem. Most reformers are concerned in the first place with human and humanitarian values and thereby confuse their practical measures with emotional considerations. Scott's concentration on the mechanics of the thing seemed a more valid approach. . . . The following essay is based on the ideas of Howard Scott. The credit for whatever originality it may possess belongs to him. The interpretation and development of the ideas, however, are mine, and much of it would probably not meet with Scott's approval. . . . Therefore I do not wish to imply that Howard Scott and the Technicians associated with him are to be looked upon as sponsoring the following pages." . . .

David Garnett has taken over the job of literary editor of the *New Statesman* in England. . . .

To honor the centenary of the Oxford Movement (1833-1933) the College of Saint Elizabeth, Convent, New Jersey, will distribute $500 in prizes to winners in an essay contest—the first prize $300, the second $100, and two third prizes of $50 each. The subject assigned for the essay is "The Oxford Movement as a Stimulus to Catholic Education." The maximum length of the essay is 2,500 words. The contest will close May 1, 1933. The judges will be announced before that date. . . .

The Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will bring out in this country in the spring the latest book of the English Catholic poet, *Helen Parry Eden,* illustrated by her husband, the noted artist, *Denis Eden.* Ever since years ago we came across "Bread and Circuses" we have regarded Helen Parry Eden as one of the most accomplished of contemporary English poets. She should be far better known in this country. In a day of much shoddy, she preserves not only a fine spiritual integrity, but the originality and humor of her work, when she cares to be humorous, has been such that for years she has been one of London *Punch's* most valued contributors. So watch out for Mrs. Eden's new book! She should need no introduction to the astute bookworms; but if you don't happen to have run across her delightful verse you have a great treat in store, and a great solace in store, in these dark and muddled days. . . .

On the fourth of January we attended a luncheon in honor of *John Masefield,* now Poet Laureate of England, given by the *Rev. A. R. Mansfield* at the Seaman's Church Institute of New York on South Street. Mr. Masefield's first lecture-recital on January 9th, in Carnegie Hall, was a benefit for the Seaman's Church Institute. Mr. Masefield has, of course, changed not at all under his weight of honors. As befits true greatness, his is the same quiet, unassuming manner, the same dryly kind humor in telling a story, the same complete absence of pomposity or pose. Our admiration for the man as well as for the poet, now a matter of long standing, welled anew. . . .

On the fifth of January we were a guest at one of *Miss Emma Mills's* luncheons, where the guest of honor was our favorite *Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes,* such a grand writer of stories of mystery and terror and so charming and natural a person. It increases one's pride in the profession of letters when such writers as these have honor on two continents. . . .

For Spring, at one dollar a copy, the Modern Library promises us in March, among their "Giants" or large volumes, "The Complete Novels of *Jane Austen,*" and the complete text of *Colonel G. F. Young's* "The Medici." Think of getting the complete works of Jane Austen for a dollar! There is some compensation in these times after all! . . .

Doubleday, Doran has published the play revolving around the *Brontës,* written by *Clemence Dane* for *Katherine Cornell, in* which Miss Cornell will appear later this season. The title is "Wild December." . . .

Now that *V. Sackville West,* with her husband, *Harold Nicolson,* is in this country it is interesting to note that the same firm has reissued her narrative poem, "The Land," for which she was awarded originally the Hawthornden Prize. . . .

In the January *Opportunity,* the distinguished negro magazine, appear contributions by *Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Pearl S. Buck, Arthur Krock,* Political Editor of the *New York Times,* and *Alain Locke* who treats of "Literature of the Negro for 1932." . . .

Wishing us a happy new year—and the same to her!—*Edwina Stanton Babcock* sends us the following poem:

AMERICAN GHOULS 1932

They are "free" now, utterly, wantonly "free"
Those who have tarnished the stars and riddled the sun,
Sullied the springs of innocence, spit in the sea;
The crooked waddle of their omniscience is run;
The multiple beds of their satiety
Crammed with unvirgin brides. What have they won,
These squint-eyed fakirs whose self-indulgence is spun
In webs of half-fact meshed in contrariety?
In the city court-years hark to their wry-faced groans
Disparaging all they have not as yet undone,
The while they rummage in tortured blood and bones,
Gibbering giggling stories of cocottes,
Maudlin in the sordid stupor of sots.

That seems to be a pretty hot indictment of some of our realists! There is some truth in it, but there is truth also on the other side. We do not believe in making a cult of garbage, but realism and naturalism are always necessary in literature, and a cult of rosy glasses would be just as bad. . . .

Harriette Ashbrook supplies us with this frank and open letter:

> Speaking of detective stories—I know you weren't, but I am—did you know that January is the big month for them? That being the case, you owe it to yourself and your public to occasionally make a detour into lowbrow realms, where blood is blood and detectives quote Horace and know all about the pottery of the third Ming dynasty. Which naturally brings up *Mr. Vance* and *Mr. Van Dine.* They're putting on a new act on Jan. 13 called "The Kennel Murder Case." I'm also told that "The White Cockatoo" (Jan. 3), by *Mignon Eberhardt,* should not be missed. And "The Crime in the Crystal," by *Robert Hare* (he's new but good), is a must. Oh yes— perhaps you might include also "The Murder of Sigurd Sharon," by *H. Ashbrook,* Jan. 9. (Maybe you think that last title was just an afterthought, but it wasn't. It's the point of this whole letter.)

We garner the following from an unknown publication several years old. It seems to us well-worth putting into further circulation:

PRECIOUS STEINS
(Ein's made straight lines parabolic)

What with Gertrude, Ep and Ein,
When I hear the name of Stein,
I go creepy down the spine.

Ein has caught the ether bending,
Gert has sentences unending,
Ep is really most art-rending.

Ein's made straight lines parabolic
Eppie's "Night" is alcoholic,
Gertie's grammar has the colic.

Ein and Space are down to tin-tacks
Ep hews boulders with a flint-axe,
Gert has no respect for syntax.

What with Gertrude, Ein and Ep,
Life and Art are out of step,
Are we then down-hearted? Yep!

Author! Author!

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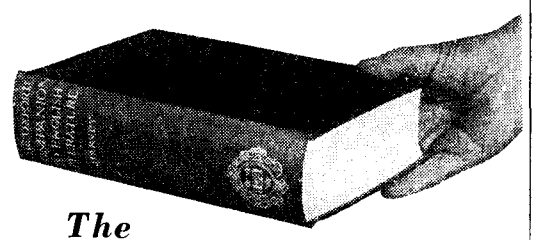

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is the new
Mignon G. Eberhart
mystery—

ONE OF HER BEST—says Donald Gordon of the author whose first mystery was an international best-seller, whose second won the Scotland Yard Prize, whose books appear in nine different languages, who has never written a failure, and whose most brilliant, exciting, glamorous thriller is this breathless tale of the chill old French hotel and of the sinister white cockatoo, whose black eyes were to see murder stalk the lonely rooms, strike through the half-opened doors of the antique, incongruous, elevator; to watch the secret of the Napoleon clock, of the desperate woman with silver heels, of the whole pulsing tide of terror that swept lives and fortunes headlong before it. For thrills, excitement, adventure, don't miss this most satisfying thriller of the new year.

The CRIME CLUB SELECTION for January---$2.00 at all bookstores

ROMAN GREETING

"We have done away with hand-shaking. The Roman greeting is more hygienic, more tasteful, and wastes less time."—Mussolini, quoted by Emil Ludwig in *Talks With Mussolini* . . .

For the New Season Old Quercus gives the Book Trade a Roman Greeting (not the Technocrat Salute, which is a couple of fists revolving internuckled, like cogs.) He urges them to remember that Bookselling continues an Essential Industry, but it is also more than an Industry . . . there will always be new ways of letting people know about exciting books; sometimes in an undertone.

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